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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1903.

The Week.

Whether it be mere Yankee curiosity that inspires Senator Hoar's Panama questions, or some deeper purpose of statesmanship, they are awkward enough for the President. To have the most eminent Republican Senator, the chairman of the Judiciary Committee, put such searching queries to him, is certainly to disturb a dream of universal acquiescence in a policy of rush and recklessness. Mr. Hoar, it is true, with that talent for gentle malice which is all his own, declares that he has no thought of embarrassing Mr. Roosevelt. The President is fairly aching to make a clean breast of everything, and Senator Hoar merely wishes to aid him by asking a few leading questions. It must be known at the White House, for example, when and where Panama adopted a constitution and authorized a canal treaty; and Mr. Hoar is innocently confident that the President will soon tell us all about it. The other questions in Senator Hoar's resolution look ugly, but he assures us that they are all harmless, and will be perfectly agreeable to the President. Mr. Roosevelt will be pleased, accordingly, to report to the Senate just what pecuniary interest in the canal Bunau-Varilla and the other "negotiators" had, with all the other tell-tale information sought by the inquisitive Massachusetts Senator. It is all friendly in the last degree, of course, and merely to make talk.

Minister Bunau-Varilla tells Acting Secretary Loomis that delays, and particularly delay to confirm the new canal treaty by the Senate, would "tend to affect the imagination." Evidently, the bantling Republic of Panama is "like a dream within a dream." It is a figment of the imagination, and unless it is quickly "fixed" upon the map of the world, it may fade like a snapshot proof too long exposed to direct sunlight. But the further consideration arises, Whose imagination may be dangerously affected? Clearly not M. Bunau-Varilla's, nor yet the President's. Those are permanencies upon which we may reasonably count. Quite as certainly the Colombians are exempt from the perils of vain imaginings. They face stern realities. The really vulnerable imaginations are, it seems, American and Panamanian. We may awake to the intolerable shabbiness of the "Yankee trick" Mr. Roosevelt has perpetrated to our discredit; they may too soon realize the possibilities of piling revolt upon revolt. With their Spanish-American genius for swift and secret organization, which Mr. Hay so much admires, they may have plans for securing a smaller division for our millions than the population of Panama. For this and other reasons, M. Bunau-Varilla dreads the continued working of the imagination upon the Panama proposition. He does well to dread it.

Like the Delphic oracle, the new Department of Commerce and Labor has written over its portal, "Know thyself." Its first annual report shows that its principal occupation at present is finding out why it exists. The impression which the report most distinctly makes on the mind of the reader is that the Secretary and his new staff are trying to discover something to do. Since its organization last February, the Department's time appears to have been chiefly spent in answering the perplexing questions, Whence come I, why am I here, whither go I? Of accomplished results the report shows a signal lack, though, of course, considering the purposes for which the Department was created and the short time it has been in operation, this is in a measure excusable. Most that Secretary Cortelyou says is along the line of what he hopes to do; but, as preliminary to an exact knowledge on this score, he has apparently been putting himself and his staff through what looks like a post-graduate university course. His curriculum covers nine studies, including the law creating the Bureau of Corporations, the general subject of interstate commerce, the decisions of the Federal courts on the same, the powers of the Interstate Commerce Commission, the decisions of the Federal courts on trade conspiracies, monopolies, and combinations in restraint of trade, the corporation laws of the various States, taxation methods in the different States, the effect of Trusts and tariff upon prices, and the power of the Federal Government in the matter of insurance companies. Incidentally, the Secretary tells us that everybody will be treated fairly.

All this is excellent, but to what does it lead? There is nothing in Secretary Cortelyou's report to show that the efficiency of the various bureaus incorporated into the new Department of Commerce and Labor has been increased by the creation of a new Cabinet portfolio. Theoretically, there was something to be said for the change—the lessening of the work of some of the other Cabinet officers, for instance. But that there was any real reason for the new arrangement was a matter for experience to demonstrate, and nothing in the present report indicates that any headway has been made in this direction. The most that can be affirmed is, that Secretary Cortelyou hopes that he may see a way to be of use to the industrial interests of the country, including, as he is careful to intimate, both capital and labor. Meanwhile, he says, regarding his studies in connection with the Bureau of Corporations, that in order that the information gained may be utilized to the best advantage, "a liberal addition to the present appropriation should be granted." Without intending to reflect in the least on the purpose and methods of the new department, it may be asked if its creation and its course so far in any measure mark the growth or the bureaucratic spirit in the United States. Is there any indication here of an increasing tendency to substitute means for ends, and to establish public departments for other than strictly public interests?

We dare say that many people who read in last week's Shipbuilding testimony of the $1,000,000 common stock paid Mr. Max Pam "for services to Mr. Schwab and for promotion of the company" gasped a little at the free-handed ways of the incorporators. But the liberality of those palmy days must be judged in the light of subsequent events. The Shipbuilding stock was really a sort of Confederate currency—not worth considering unless delivered in bulk; or, perhaps, it more closely resembles John Law's bank notes, of which, as St. Simon relates, the Regent used to insist on new issues every week, so that he could distribute a few millions to favored callers at his levées. There are ways of figuring out the intrinsic value of Mr. Pam's million-dollar "bonus," The $2,500,000 "Shipbuilding preferred" and $2,500,000 common, paid as a bonus to the Morgans in the Bethlehem Steel deal, were sold, the firm has subsequently stated, for $75,000. This was an average market valuation of 1½ per cent. Mr. Pam got only common stock, which was supposedly worth less than the preferred. But, taking the average price obtained for the Morgan stock, Mr. Pam's bonus—if it could sell the stock at all—was worth exactly $15,000. This is not high, as "promotion services" have been rated lately. We are surprised, on the whole, at the moderation of the promoters in not demanding bonds. The original "memorandum" of "promotion expenses" for the Shipyard Trust reserved for that purpose 17 per cent. of the company's total stock and 9 per cent. of its first-mortgage bonds. Why this discrimination? A million-dollar share certificate might serve for a tip to an obliging head-waiter, but to offer it to a capitalist strikes us as insulting.

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In imposing a fine of $1,000 on a Press Feeders' Union, Judge Holdom of Chicago has given workingmen's organizations one more sharp reminder that responsibility must go with power. By one means or another, society has certainly got to find a way to make labor unions amenable to the law for wilful damage. It may come about by legal incorporation. The result may be reached by suits against individuals. Offending unions may be made, under existing law, to pay the penalty of their misdeeds after the fashion of this instance of Chicago justice. But in some way the end must be attained. We cannot tolerate the possession of such power without liability. Even if society were to be conceived of as nothing but organized warfare, the defeated would have to pay the cost of the struggle, or else abandon hope of gain if victorious. And in a peaceful industrial régime like the present, such disturbers of traffic and of order as too many labor organizations have shown themselves to be, cannot much longer be permitted to go undisturbed. If they are to be allowed to dictate to their own members, they must be made answerable to the public.

After more than a century and a quarter of use, the "Cradle of Liberty" still rocks in Boston. The country at large cannot be too thankful for this, for once more has a great opportunity been presented to the sons of New England to battle for freedom. The tyrant's hand, so it is alleged, is stretched out over the Boston Symphony Orchestra; rumor has it that the Musical Mutual Protective Union is going to order twenty or more of its members to leave that body. Other great orchestras have allowed themselves to be bound in chains by the unions, but the resolute character of Major Higginson, to whose generosity and indefatigability Boston owes its splendid band, has heretofore inspired wholesome awe. He has simply said that if he was interfered with, he would disband his orchestra. Will he do so? Of course, the discontinuance of its symphony orchestra would be a terrible blow to Boston—one of its most distinctive features would be gone. But Boston has before now allowed the grass to grow in its streets for a great principle; in the eighteenth century its women went without their tea for liberty's sake, and it is to be hoped that in the twentieth they will as gladly sacrifice their Friday matinées. Seriously, Major Higginson will have, if current reports are true, a fine opportunity to advance the cause of liberty. Such action as the Musical Protective Union is said to contemplate would be carrying union tyranny to the very pitch of the absurd.

Philadelphia is not to be congratulated on the President's decision to retain Postmaster McMichael. Although a Quay man, it was expected that McMichael would make an excellent head for the post-office. As a matter of fact, there have been so many violations of the spirit and the language of the civil-service rules as to convince the Civil Service Commission and the local Civil Service Reform Association that the interests of the service demand a change. Yet on the charges laid before him the President has decided that there is no ground for him to take any adverse action. While that may be true in the particular matters under consideration, the President should know that a new head is most desirable. But Mr. Roosevelt has no desire to offend Quay on the eve of the national convention, even though his inexcusable appointment of Quay's son as deputy naval officer might be thought sufficient tribute to the boss for the present. The truth is, that our large post-offices will never be as efficient as they ought to be so long as their heads are selected by political favoritism. As the postal service in our great cities becomes greater and more complex, it will gradually be realized that the chief offices cannot be properly administered by men of no previous experience in the service. These positions should be held out as prizes to deserving men who wish to give their lives to the postal branch of the Government.

Carl Schurz, addressing the National Civil Service Reform League at Baltimore, said: "You will be struck with the fact that of all the public servants who were, in consequence of [the postal] investigation, indicted for fraud or other malfeasance, not one had come into the service by regular competitive examination." Of course, an inference based only upon these particular exposures would be open to question, but Mr. Schurz, speaking from many years' active observation of the public service, did not hesitate to declare that all Federal offices, whenever it is constitutionally possible, should be filled by competitive examination. He has found that the exceptions made in the case of confidential and fiduciary appointments are almost always abused for political purposes. These very postal swindlers were one and all appointed without examination, because competition was alleged to be too crude a means of ascertaining special moral and personal qualifications. Mr. Schurz, it may be assumed, does not advocate examination as a universal panacea; he does, however, unqualifiedly advocate it as the only practical barrier between rapacious and incompetent bosses and an efficient public service. His words should give courage to all who are engaged in the good fight.

When such avowed enemies as the National Wool Growers' Association and the National Association of Wool Manufacturers sit down to a love feast it is time for the American people to take to the woods. After years of wrangling over the spoils from the tariff, these two organizations met in Washington on Thursday to consider proposed reciprocity treaties between this country and France and Argentina. Both agreed to antagonize these treaties, on the ground that they are hurtful to our wool interests. Some day, no doubt, the manufacturers will demand a *quid pro quo* for this tender consideration for the growers, as their own interests, of course, naturally impel them in the direction of a ratification of these reciprocity measures. As the manufacturers have been in the habit of getting the best end of the tariff bargain in the past, it is perhaps safe to assume that they have designs on the public which will make this concession to the growers a profitable transaction. Was Secretary Shaw consulted before the Washington meeting? His eagerness for steamship lines to South America is well known. Why would not enlarged wool imports from Argentina be an excellent way to help along the good work? What is really needed to make steamships to South America pay is return cargoes.

The pith of Mr. John Charlton's speech on Thursday night before the Boston Chamber of Commerce was that freer trade with Canada must be soon sought or postponed indefinitely. On one hand, extreme protectionist feeling is growing in the Dominion; on the other, the advocates of imperial reciprocity are making the erection of a Chinese wall against us a test of British loyalty. Patriotism and selfishness in frank alliance threaten to make a combination with which it will be impossible for any foreign nation, especially for ourselves, to deal. All these considerations remind us that good reciprocal arrangements with Canada may soon hardly be had for the asking. The political situation, too, may at any time become unfavorable for reasonable tariff negotiations. Sir Wilfrid Laurier has consistently held the doctrine of a moderate protective tariff, and has looked favorably upon all reciprocity treaties. He would welcome overtures from Washington looking to a freer exchange of Canadian foodstuffs and raw materials for our manufactures. But it is by no means certain that Sir Wilfrid, or his party even, will long be in a position to negotiate treaties. The resignation of Minister Tarte has undoubtedly alienated many violent protectionists, and the failure of the Grand Trunk Railway to close the contract for a transcontinental extension leaves the Government's pet scheme sadly discredited. If the Liberals should lose the coming election, we should find intractable and probably unfriendly influences in

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control at Ottawa—and the hope of reciprocity postponed to the Greek Kalends.

The somewhat ostentatious resignation of a United States official in Alabama last week, on account of the President's incendiary views on the rights of the negro, raises the question whether the South really wants good Federal appointments. Whatever else Mr. Roosevelt may have done, he has named Government officers in the Southern States of a much higher grade than was ever insisted upon by a Republican President before. This is frankly acknowledged by the more candid newspapers of that section. Thus, we find the Montgomery *Evening Times* declaring: "It is not too much to admit that no President since the war has in so large a measure seemed to cast aside his own political interests in order to serve his conception of the needs of the civil service in the South." This is high commendation, but the *Times* backs it up with many specifications. Democratic newspaper though it is, it thinks it only justice to recognize what Mr. Roosevelt has done in this matter of securing "decent and clean officials in the South"; all the more so because it perceives that his "independent and fearless course" would lose him Southern delegates should Hanna contest the nomination with him.

The action of the Union League Club, on Thursday, calling upon the Administration and Congress to take measures to secure to negroes in the South their political rights, is only one sign more of the coming to the front of an issue that cannot be evaded. It is a national concern. It would be so even if the wrongs of the negro did not directly affect any except residents of the Southern States. Unequal enforcement of the law anywhere in our country cannot but be of the deepest interest to all parts of it. No one knows when or where the law-defying spirit may spread. In the presence of so gross and admitted a violation of justice, the conscience of no American should be allowed to sleep. But, of course, the suppression of the qualified negro vote in the South most intimately affects the North. It establishes a glaring inequity of representation in that common legislature where there should be equality. That is the great reason why an appeal lies directly to the House of Representatives. Its own fairness as a representative body is imperilled by the exclusion from the suffrage, in one section, of thousands who are entitled, even under the local laws of the State, to vote. Under such circumstances, the Union League Club would have been false to its history had it not made its voice heard in behalf of justice to the negro.

Gov. Pennypacker has provided another surprise for the unfortunate State of Pennsylvania, over which he presides. It has only recently stopped laughing at his ridiculous fiasco with his press-muzzling law, wich is daily violated and has never been enforced. But the newspapers are now concerned with a much more serious matter. In a letter to the editor of the Philadelphia *Ledger* Gov. Pennypacker last week declared that he not only had the ambition but the purpose to become a justice of the Supreme Court. There will be a vacancy next year, and he announced his willingness to accept the nomination if tendered, thus giving up two years of his Governorship in order to become a justice for twenty-one years. Now, there is no dissent from Gov. Pennypacker's fitness for this position. Indeed, it is the universal judgment that he should not have left the bench to become Governor. As Quay and his gang are also of this opinion, Gov. Pennypacker's declaration that he is willing to be "promoted" to the Supreme Court means that the deal will be consummated. But this in turn entails the promotion of Lieut.-Gov. William M. Brown, the worst kind of machine politician, and an avowed tool of Quay. Naturally, the independent press is aghast at the prospect. Even the *Ledger*, which has been very friendly to the Governor, tells him he has made a grave mistake, and that he must reconsider; while the *Record* calls it a "foul conspiracy.'

The Lieutenant-Governor is familiarly known as "Oleo" Brown because of his opposition to a bill to regulate the sale of oleomargarine passed while he was a State Senator. This won for him the hostility of the farmers to such an extent that Senator Quay offered him his "expenses" if he would withdraw on the eve of the convention held last year. But Brown declined, it being even then rumored, although denied by Pennypacker himself, that the Governor would not serve out his term. In the long fight of 1899 to defeat the reëlection of Senator Quay, Brown was chairman of the steering committee which looked after Quay's interests in the Legislature. But his greatest achievement was a speech in support of the McCarren bill to prevent district attorneys from peremptory challenge of jurors in criminal trials. The anti-Quay "insurgents" charged that the bill was being rushed through in the interest of the Senator, who was then under indictment in Philadelphia for using the funds of the State.

The slate forced upon the caucus of Republican district leaders on Saturday by Gov. Odell reveals clearly just what kind of "reorganization" the Republican party of this city has undergone. After weeks of discussion and of endless meetings and conferences in secret, the new boss announced the names of the men who are to "redeem" New York city from Democratic domination. But instead of the looked-for improvement in the quality of the County Committee officials, we have, if anything, a deterioration. In selecting Charles H. Murray for the chairmanship, and Armitage Mathews for the secretaryship, Gov. Odell has served notice that any rumors of a desire on his part to reform the organization were wholly unfounded. The party has received and acclaimed a new boss, but in his essential characteristics his name might as well be Platt. The "Old Man" himself could hardly have selected men less fitted for their positions or more likely to disgust the decent Republicans without whose cordial support the party can make no headway. In the White House the names of Odell's "reformers" must produce something like a chill.

When the Imperial War Minister finds it necessary to enter into a long defence of the German army, in the Reichstag, it may properly be assumed that army conditions are very unsatisfactory. Indeed, the cable on Friday brought to the *Staats-Zeitung* reports of three more officers who have been punished for gross brutalities to subordinates. Almost every day similar cases have been reported for weeks past, while the scandal produced by Lieut. Bilse's book, 'In a Little Garrison,' to which Gen. von Einem referred, has by no means abated. The War Minister endeavored to minimize the importance of Lieut. Bilse's book, but it is reported that all the officers except three of his battalion have been cashiered or transferred. The day before the General's speech, one who figured in the book as "Müller" was dismissed in disgrace, and the author's sentence of six months, coupled with dismissal, would seem to indicate that, truth or no truth, his volume is taken seriously. The book, be it noted, having been forbidden and confiscated in Germany, is now enjoying a large sale in Austria. Even in the Bavarian Diet a unanimous resolution calling for the dismissal of all officers and non-commissioned officers convicted of maltreatment of subordinates passed the lower house. But the authorities are still only half-hearted in their attempts to stop the evils that have crept into the army, or Gen. von Einem would not have tried to excuse brutalities by speaking of the "bad privates being largely responsible" for them. The Bavarian Gen. von Fries, an excellent officer, came nearer the truth when he said that the ridiculous sentences for inhuman conduct imposed by military courts were at the bottom of the trouble. How, again, is it possible that one sergeant could have committed 1,200 offences before being found out? One officer in 400, and one sergeant in every 120, were tried for abuse of authority in the year ending in June last.

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THE PRESIDENT'S POSITION.

Republican questionings about the wisdom of renominating President Roosevelt have now passed from whispers to audible voices. The meeting of the National Committee on Friday last gave rise to an amount of frank talk in the open which, taken in connection with the secret intrigue against the President that is undoubtedly going on more briskly than ever, invites a review of the whole situation. "Is Roosevelt as Big as We Think Him?" is the quizzical caption of one of the latest articles in the Hanna-Heath organ in Cincinnati, which is daily moving for reconsideration. With no thought of attempting at this time to weigh our Hannibal, we may yet point out impartially the elements of weakness and of strength in the President's position as it presents itself to-day.

He is personally little liked by the most influential Republicans in Washington. That is an incontestable fact. It is not simply that he has been the most unconventional of beings in the White House. Doubtless he has trodden on many gouty Senatorial toes; but that is not the whole of it. Old conventions might easily be sacrificed if new wisdom and efficiency were put in their place. There, however, intrudes the doubt. Too many men have found President Roosevelt what they can only call "bumptious." It is not merely that he is a reckless talker—he is an irrepressible talker; he overflows on all subjects, having a particular fondness for instructing specialists in their own branches. Men of weight and experience in affairs are not pleased with this. They can endure exhortation on Sunday from the pulpit, but do not take to the insistent sermonizing of the President. The air of knowing it all does not sit well on a man whose impetuous volubility sometimes leads him into displays of ignorance. "That job is too big for him," was the verdict of a business man who had gone to the White House on an important errand, and was disappointed with the President's flighty and jocular way of dealing with it.

This is, of course, largely personal manner, though there is a certain mental quality behind it. But manners maketh President, too, in a certain sense. It is not wholly offended dignity that leads so many Republican Senators to speak bitterly of the President in private. The lack of poise and deliberation of which they complain, undoubtedly denotes a defect in Mr. Roosevelt's mental make-up. We have seen it strikingly illustrated in his headlong course in Panama. He and his friends seem surprised that his inconsiderate action there should have given such a shock to the conservative element of his own party. It was only a petty affair, not the slightest loss or risk of war was involved; so why all this alarm? Because, though the President may not see it, men judge character by samples. A rash leap over treaty and precedent in the case of Panama is a fair indication, they say, that a similar mad plunge, with far more dangerous consequences, may be made at any moment in some other foreign question. That is why there is so much talk of Roosevelt's being certain to get us into war if re-elected; and why a new distrust of the man has grown up, within the past few weeks, among many whose natural inclination was to support so honest and fair-dealing an Executive. Only a prudent conduct of foreign affairs could have stilled old doubts of Mr. Roosevelt, and won him votes that may easily prove critical. The course he has elected has unquestionably alienated them.

All these considerations, and others that might be adduced, make it probable that, if Mr. Roosevelt were not President, he would not be nominated for the Presidency by his party. In their present temper towards him, the managers would be seeking another candidate. They would try to get one, in the first place, more to their own mind and, besides, easier to hold up before the country as a "safe" President. But the case is radically altered by Mr. Roosevelt's being already in office. To endorse him, as the party must, yet to refuse to renominate him, would be almost suicidal. Particularly would it be so to set him aside on account of the enmity of large financial interests. Saying nothing now of the merits of the suit brought against the Northern Securities Company, its effect politically is beyond dispute. It gave Mr. Roosevelt tremendous popularity in those Western and Northwestern States where a Republican victory is to be won if at all. In addition, the President's absolute personal honesty, his courage, his independence, his many manly qualities, must be taken into the reckoning. Hence, if Senator Hanna were now to intrigue the nomination away from him, indignation would know no bounds, and a Democratic triumph would be assured. All this is perfectly well known to the Republican magnates; consequently we expect to see them, with much ill will and with wry faces and many misgivings, submit to the inevitable and renominate the President.

What will then follow, let rash prophets say. We predict nothing except that a continuance of business depression would make the election of any Republican candidate highly improbable. It would be but poetic justice to have the Republican party turned out for not preventing hard times. That would be only commending its own chalice to its lips. Sensible men would find much to comfort them, amid incidental evils, in the spectacle of a party that boasts of "standing pat" falling flat.

THE VIRTUOUS MR. HEATH.

"Certainly it is nothing for me to worry over," said Perry S. Heath in Chicago the other day. "I believe in letting the other fellow do the worrying whenever possible. Why should I resign from my office on the Republican National Committee?" Mr. Heath is quite right in assuming that the other fellow has cause for worry, if by "the other fellow" he means President Roosevelt. In view of his connection with the postal frauds the President cannot but pray most heartily for his speedy retirement to private life. Senator Hanna, on the other hand, sticks by his friend as an embodiment of the Senator's ideals in politics and public administration. Heath also "stands pat"; he virtually quotes the words of an old English divine: "I am so hardened in goodness as I fear neither post nor pillory." Mr. Heath's shining virtues have often attracted admiring attention, and it would be a pleasure to consider his career as a whole. The immediate topic, however, is his prominence in the Bristow report. Few people have read that document through; still fewer have put together the scattered references to the Secretary of the Republican National Committee. When they are gathered into a coherent body, everybody can see at once why President Roosevelt objects to Heath and why Senator Hanna does not.

The President, in his own memorandum, says: "The following is a list of the fourteen post-office employees in the service at the time this investigation was begun who are apparently most seriously implicated in the wrongdoing, together with an account of the steps that have been taken by the Government in each case, and a statement of the date of original appointment of each man in the service." Then the President introduces the list of the fourteen men under indictment with a bracketed note: "The case of ex-First Assistant Postmaster-General Heath, who had left the service over three years before this investigation was begun, is set forth in the report of Mr. Bristow." The President thus classes Heath with the fourteen chief rascals, explains why he is not under indictment, and calls attention to Mr. Bristow's detailed account of his villanies.

Mr. Heath first comes in on page 12 of Mr. Bristow's brief. When the "Montague Indicator" Company was organized, George W. Beavers, who is now lying under eight indictments, kindly offered a word to the wise—that distribution of stock among the Department officials would help the business. Beavers received 2,000 shares, held under the name of D. S. Richardson; and when he received the first dividend of $120 he replied somewhat mysteriously to Mr. Richardson: "Yours of February

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6, 1901, with enclosure, duly received. I will hold the papers in your name for the present until something decisive is known. I am glad to know that the matter promises so well. I have not seen Mr. Heath, but will make another effort to-day." In August, 1902, Beavers again wrote: "Our friend in Salt Lake wants the enclosed stock drawn in the name of Edwin B. Bacon. Kindly issue new certificates and have these destroyed. Forward same to me by registered mail." Across the face of this letter R. H. E. Espey, secretary of the Indicator Company, had written in pencil, "Editor Salt Lake *Tribune*," and on the back, "133 S. West Temple" and "9th E. and Brigham." Heath was editor of the *Tribune;* the first address was that of his office, the second that of his house. The "enclosed stock" was 1,000 Indicator shares. Edwin B. Bacon of Louisville, Ky., is Heath's uncle by marriage, and is said to be an intimate friend. The 1,000 shares were returned to the company anonymously in a blank envelope after the investigation began.

Heath next turns up in connection with the Brandt Automatic Cashier. In February, 1899, the Washington agent wrote to Brandt: "I am satisfied that we have the assurance and friendship of both parties—General Heath and Mr. Beavers—and all that is necesary is to cultivate that friendship, if not by kind words, by dollars and cents, and I think the latter will be the most positive." With Heath kind words may have been more than coronets, but they certainly were not more than dollars; for in May, 1899, he gave an order for 250 machines at $150 each. All in all, 527 machines were purchased, and 217 of them shipped to postmasters without requisition. Of the whole number purchased, 173 are idle; many have never been unpacked. The company received $74,275. Evidently Heath's friendship was worth cultivating. Mr. Bristow's sound conclusion is that, eliminating the question of fraud, the transaction would have justified the removal of Heath; but Mr. Bristow adds, "The element of fraud cannot be eliminated."

Heath also looked compassionately upon Bundy Time Recorders, and in 1898 required post-office clerks to use them. The machines were bought in the most reckless fashion, at $100 apiece, and 50 cents extra for each key. Los Angeles, with ninety-three carriers and eighty-seven clerks, was supplied with thirteen clocks and 840 keys; and so throughout the country. Then Heath suggested to the Barry Cancelling Machine people that M. D. Helm be employed as an agent. The contract with the company was renewed, and the price of the machine raised from $150 to $175 and then $200. When Heath retired, the price dropped again to $150. Heath also favored the Hampden Cancelling Machine, and bought a hundred at $300, each, though he knew they were worthless. There is considerable evidence, direct and circumstantial, that he received $20,000 of the stock in the Doremus Cancelling Machine Company in consideration of an order for not less than 300 machines; and it was also understood that Beavers shared with Heath the $25 paid him for each machine ordered.

In the face of these facts no one can doubt the guilt of Heath. He himself cannot deny that these frauds flourished chiefly among his subordinates. An accurate description of conditions under Heath's management, though hardly "a libel on hell," as Col. Watterson might say, would be the grossest kind of libel on any administration that made a pretence to efficiency or honesty. Should the Republican Committee keep Heath in office, the country can do nothing but accept the act as a notification from Hanna that he purposes to discredit the postal investigations, to defy the advocates of decency, and to defeat Roosevelt by indirection.

THE RIGHT USE OF PRECEDENT.

President Pierce, in his message of May 15, 1856, laid down the American doctrine of recognition. It particularly applied to the status of Central American countries. A revolution had but recently occurred in Nicaragua, and it was a question which of two rival Ministers should be received by the United States. Announcing his decision to Congress, Mr. Pierce said that it was our "established policy" to "recognize all governments without question of their source or organization, or of the means by which the governing persons attain their power, provided there be a government de facto accepted by the people of the country." So far, that reads like good Roosevelt gospel as preached to the heathen of Panama. But President Pierce added some qualifying words which put an entirely new face on the matter—"with reserve only of *time* as to the recognition of *revolutionary governments* arising out of the subdivision of parent States with which we are in relations of *amity*."

There could not well be a clearer condemnation in advance of President Roosevelt's Panama policy. It is not necessary to draw out the details. They speak for themselves. Judged by the standards of fifty years ago, Mr. Roosevelt's recognition of the fictitious republic of Panama was neither timely nor friendly. He "lost no time," said Congressman Hitt on Friday. Yes, but in not taking time, he lost character. But what we wish to dwell upon just now is the larger question of what a statesman's attitude should be towards precedent. If some affect a doubt whether there is such a thing in diplomacy, or in international law, as *stare decisis*, on the other hand, what is to become of our boasted "continuity in foreign policy," and "party differences ceasing at the water's edge," unless President follows President, adding to the body of Executive precedent, from time to time, but taking away no jot?

There are natures, of course, to which precedent is only a plague. To look through the opinions of a lot of "dead men" is, to such an order of mind, a beastly nuisance. We do not say that President Roosevelt is of this type, though it is evident that he was badly advised as to the law of his Panama venture. A more patient reading of our history would have saved him from the sarcastic congratulations of the Daughters of the Confederacy, and of veterans of Lee's army, on having had his eyes opened at last to the true doctrine of secession. It is not a little awkward, too, that he should be confronted now with pronouncements by Grant, Cleveland, and McKinley, which he had apparently overlooked entirely. It must be admitted that recognition on the trigger is apt to have its troublesome sequelæ of this kind. Freedom has *slowly* to broaden down from precedent to precedent.

The impetuous man in great office turns, of course, to another set of maxims. Ancient good becomes uncouth with time. New occasions teach new duties. Old paths, old pitfalls. If you cannot find a precedent, make one. Practical results weigh more than fine-spun theories. We all know the things that are said. Sanctity of precedent is not unlike the sanctity of creed subscription. Some men are born to take a serious view of it, some a light. Dean Gaisford was one of the latter. When an All Souls Fellow came to him with a scruple about the oath to keep residence, the Dean jovially commanded him to disregard all that: "If you kept your oath, we should have forty well-connected young gentlemen with nothing to do wandering loose about the University, and, good gad, what a nuisance you would be!"

In this conflict of the loose with the strict interpreters, where shall the public man find a practical guide? How is he to escape making precedent on the one hand an iron cage, on the other a staircase of sand? It seems to us that the analogy of a judge applying old principles of law to new cases is in point. He goes to his treasure-house of legal precedent to look for aid in doing justice. Desiring to establish the right and to maintain equity, he seeks some maxim or authority of the past which will enable him to make the righteous cause triumphant in the present. Similarly, the statesman should take his stand upon precedent, not for the purpose of denying progress or making advance impossible, but in order to derive from ancient principle fresh rules of honorable

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action in modern emergencies. To twist an old rule or torture a treaty into warrant for selfish advantage or wrong of another is to abuse precedent. Rightly to use it is to make it yield authority for fair dealing, for widening the bounds of freedom, for doing essential justice as between man and man and nation and nation. And such must be the procedure of any President who seeks in the former utterances of statesmen a light by which to guide his feet in untrodden paths. He may know that he is making the correct use of the wisdom of an elder day when he allows it to lead him and his country into magnanimity, good faith, and justice which shines forth as the noonday.

BEDTIME BOOKS.

What books are best reading for bedtime has been variously mooted of late in the English press. Evidently the subject is of more than quizzical importance. The increasing pressure of modern life leaves most of us only the bedtime hour or the lucid intervals of travel for reading of any sort. And it will freely be admitted that the late hour is more conducive, both to deliberate choice and to enjoyment. Most of us would have to stand or fall by our bedtime books. In the English controversy there seemed some uncertainty whether reading in bed was an end in itself or a means to slumber. That accounts for a diversity of choice reaching from Dumas to Howell's Letters.

Possibly the matter is best got at by elimination. To begin with, there are obvious physical limitations. For the bed, as for the car or train, a book must be light enough to be held in the hand, or—less commendable method—propped on the chest. Thus, no man reads Mr. Berenson's 'Drawings of the Florentine Painters' in bed, though an enthusiast might sit up all night with it. And we have yet to hear of that old-school Liberal who can aver that he has read Mr. Morley's Life of Gladstone in the drowsy hours. Gibbon's 'Decline and Fall,' too, stands in stately desuetude after the library lights are out. A few persons of taste have the habit of dipping for casual amusement into the tomes of the 'New English Dictionary,' but this, we are confident, is rarely a nocturnal indulgence. It may very well be that the habit of reducing all standard literature to pocket form is insensibly an effort to lengthen the list of *cubicularia*. But here, too, the principle of no excess applies, for no sleeper has ever been apprehended with one of the Pickering Diamond Classics on the counterpane.

Admittedly, the matter of size is of minor concern. Incorrigibles will go to all lengths to balance a favorite volume under the midnight flame. Yet even incorrigibles will generally prefer the just mean, and here there is abundant, nay, embarrassing, choice. Who seeks merely a soporific will find it abundantly in Kant, Hobbes, and several of our professional humorists. Who desires more positive luxury, with drowsiness, will meet it in Morris's 'Earthly Paradise'—an ideal book to dream on. But few readers, probably, are moved chiefly by insomnia. One wishes rather a graceful finale for his day than a mere prelude to sleep. And this suggests that no too engrossing book is eligible. Reading all night is one thing—most of Thackeray has been many times so read. Probably the 'Ring and the Book' has lured some half-rebellious readers past cockcrow. But a spell of that potency is not for habitual exercise. For like cause, very stimulating books are not for this use. Mr. Brownell's 'Victorian Prose Masters' is not so to be dealt with, while bedtime Pater would be an abomination—unless, indeed, in the 'Imaginary Portraits.' On the same principle the obscurer styles are to be rejected. 'Prince Otto' you might well read, but hardly 'The Ambassadors'; Lamb on Roast Pig, but not Meredith on the Comic Spirit..

It should be already apparent that, clarity and serenity being presupposed, the real desideratum is brevity, or, failing that, adaptability to piecemeal reading. Undoubtedly poetry is the ideal—for the poetically inclined. Workaday readers, however, will be for prose then as always, and a bed-side census would probably find the novels in as great majority as elsewhere, yet by a tremendous fallacy, for most novels are too good or too bad to be nibbled at, and only massive, episodical works of the picaresque type—'Tom Jones' or 'Charles O'Malley' for choice—endure such treatment. By the same token, all the great racial epics and many of the mediæval romances insinuate themselves for midnight perusal. The anguish of Roland might take you too far into the night, but the council of the gods in the Iliad, Ulysses and Polyphemus, Beowulf and Grendel's mother, or the winning of Brunnhilde, would mean so many days well ended. Only the other day a popular edition of Lady Gregory's translation of the Cuchulain saga put deeply in her debt all who love to read old romance in the romantic hours.

But all are not romantic; and for the reflective or those deeply curious of human nature there is the list of essays (so they be not severely critical) and of memoirs and letters—but not formal biographies. Those who temperamentally are drawn to essays and memoirs need no counsel of ours. But it may be asked—in behoof of lovers of *distinctiones quædam*—why Emerson and Thoreau are read by no sensible person at bedtime, whereas Montaigne and Izaak Walton never savor better than in the small hours.

Strangely enough, no English contributor to the conference confessed a partiality for the most paradoxical and delightful kind of books for bed. Travels—and particularly accounts of perils at the poles, on mountain tops, and in bleak deserts—are perused with a singular voluptuousness between blankets. Peary and Nansen and the Duke of the Abruzzi never look more heroic than then, nor their lot more completely enviable. Tyndall and Whymper and Sir Martin Conway would keep one shivering blessedly through many changes of sheets. Marco Polo, Froissart, Dana, Herman Melville, are then most adventurous. Hakluyt is more than ever a boon. When the publishers will give us these books—or better, perhaps, selections therefrom—in manageable form, the roster of bedtime books will be fairly complete, and a stertorous return of thanks will be offered up from an appreciable number of bolsters. But no extravagant financial hopes should be laid upon the enterprise. Only such profits are contemplated as a conservative publisher might reckon with a good conscience as he ends his day. Ideal books for reading in bed have rarely been of the "best-selling" variety.

MAXIM GORKI ON THE BOARDS.

LONDON, December 2, 1903.

On Sunday evening, the 29th of November, at the Court Theatre, was presented to the audience of the Stage Society a very curious entertainment. Since its foundation four or five years ago this society has continually justified its existence by the presentation of foreign dramas unknown to the London stage, and many through its good offices have had their first opportunity of becoming acquainted with Ibsen, Heijermans, or Gorki. Last year the success of the season was a piece of surprising and lambent power, viz., Heijermans's "Good Hope"; and this year it is not to be expected that the committee can outdo in strangeness and literary interest their performance of the first night. The piece selected was Gorki's "Lower Depths," of which the action takes place in a Night Refuge in Moscow. There is no change of scene, and the story, if story it can be called, is as continuous as the days of the week. Indeed, those who witnessed the play did not see a drama at all; they merely looked through a peephole and saw figures in motion and alive.

In a Night Shelter many people come together—beggars, members of the lost legion, women in no more need of protection than gypsies, dilapidated actors, drunkards, thieves. This particular Night Shelter is kept by a "fence" and his wife, Kostoloff and Vassilisa; and Vaska, a long, sturdy fellow who does much of their thieving for them, though beloved by Vassilisa, is himself in love with Vassilisa's sister Natasha. The son of thieves and bred a thief, he has no natural liking either for his occupation or his company, and, after fairly considering and rejecting Vassilisa's offer to elope with her and murder her husband, prefers with unstained hands to be off with Natasha. But the jealousy of woman in-

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tervenes. Kostoloff and Vassilisa torture Natasha till Vaska, hearing the cries, rushes in and strangles Kostoloff.

It may be thought there is some story here, and so there would be if with this it ended, or with this there were not entangled a dozen unconnected incidents. In point of fact, after the strangling there is another act: Vassilisa and Vaska are absent swearing against each other in the criminal court, and the usual talk of the Night Shelter continues undisturbed. In point of fact, also, the main story, which doesn't end, is so intertwined with other tangles of life threads that it is only afterwards one realizes that there has been a main story. When he is not telling the main story—and he is generally not telling it—Gorki is painting moving portraits of various typical waifs. One gets, after the fall, the life history of each. There is the actor whose organism, as he tells us perpetually, has been poisoned with alcohol and whose memory has been drowned in drink—an object pitiful enough, who probably in the twenty minutes we have of him goes completely round the circle of his wasted brain. There is the workman with the dying wife who cannot make ends meet, whose whole nature cries against sloth and beggary—the voice of the unemployed—and who in this hard and vain struggle becomes coarser than those worthless ones who accept their fate. There is the Baron, a former spendthrift, who forged, whose heart and mind have been whipped to tatters by the iron prison system; a silly, mocking, weeping epicene, out of whom both decency and manhood have long been wrung. There is Satine of the rough sailor type, who struck too hard when some brute played with his sister, and found when the prison doors were opened that his place in life was gone; a broken man, but, since his crime was generous, still a man, an outstanding figure where all are snivellers or sneaks.

To this queer company enters one called Luke, a pedler, who possesses an honest but poor trade; "a pipe for fortune's finger"—a clean pipe though a small; one to whom misfortune has brought a great gentleness and a toleration at once unmanly and infinite. They are many, he is few, and the sweetness of right anger is a thing no longer known to him; he has the kindness of a kind nurse for the dying woman, and a good word for the most base. To see this wholly true, weak and feminine figure as it was perfectly presented by Mr. James Welch was indeed a lesson in the poetry that understands. It was a character rendered so poetically and gently as to remind one of Hawthorne; only for its presentment there was necessary a sad yet intense cynicism quite unknown to the creator of Clifford.

The whole play is steeped in the atmosphere of pity, the whole thing is full of understanding. Gorki understands what his waifs mean, his waifs to whom life is so meaningless. "I am bored," says Vaska, stretching himself, "bored; I do not know why. Things are going along well, quite well, and all of a sudden it all dries up and it gets tiresome." Vassilisa flies out in a fury that the floor is not swept, and when she is gone another whistles and stretches himself and is stirred to impatience: "Every one trying to put things in order and yet there is nothing in order, nothing clean." No, in these depths there is no order as law, unless it be the iron law of suffering, and the final law that suffering ends, though even this seems unbelievable by some. Luke believes it and seeks comfort from it for the dying woman whose hand he holds; and, when she complains feebly, "I am hot," assures her kindly and as announcing the end of a journey that comes before death. But the gospel of rest in such a place sounds fairylike and strange, and Anna thinks there is but one answer to the question her parched lips repeat, "Do we suffer there as well?"

The optimism of the play, indeed, comes to no more than this: some time, somewhere, in this life or another, things may be better; there may be ultimately better lives or better men; and for that hope we have to be gentle, to give things a chance, broken to be humble and to bow. At least so Satine interprets Luke's lesson when the pedler has gone away. We ought to trust to the future, to the coming of the better man. This regeneration, it may be at our doors; even now, in some one about us, the light may be burning which is hid, and therefore let us respect our neighbors and especially the children, for on some day the child that is to better us may be born. One catches in language of this kind something of the mystical feeling which induces men like Gorki, despairing of the present, to voice their aspirations in the language of beliefs from which they have passed. So Tolstoi borrows for his greatest book the word 'Resurrection,' and in winter thinks of spring.

It would be the pedantry of criticism to add that this play of Gorki's in no sense satisfies the canons of the drama, for to be a play in the ordinary sense it has pretensions of the least. There is no real action, there is not even a selection of incidents, and by consequence one loses half the pleasure due from art. One merely sees bits of life, but one sees them with a poet's eyes; and it is of more interest to ask whether the stage may not legitimately be used for purposes of this kind when the result is the presentation, in a vivid form, of observation that is as remarkable and that leaves as clear an impress on the mind.

A. A. JACK.

Correspondence.

THE TRIBULATIONS OF CASTE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Judge Carroll D. Wood, one of the Justices of the Supreme Court of this State, is a candidate for the Democratic nomination for Governor; the present Governor, Jefferson Davis, being also a candidate. It will be remembered that some months since they engaged in a public fist-fight.

It appears that at one time Judge Wood, as Circuit Judge, appointed a negro jury-commissioner, and thereby, prima facie, dragged the judicial ermine in the mire. The *Ouachita Herald* of this city, in its issue of December 4, undertakes the defence of Judge Wood by showing that, although he did drag the ermine as aforesaid, he did so in the interests of the Democratic party, and therefore his act does not render him unfit to serve as the chief executive of Arkansas! I enclose the editorial in which the *Herald* takes the remarkable position that a judge may use the judicial office for party ends, even though in order to do so he commits an act that under any other circumstances would degrade him in the eyes of all true Southerners. But what, after all, can be more self-evident than that the appointment of a negro to office (however worthy as an individual) is *malum in se* except when the interests of the Democratic party can thereby be subserved?

Respectfully, E. I. F.

CAMDEN, ARK., December 5, 1903.

[The event dates back to "some eighteen years ago," according to the *Herald*, when

"Combinations were made by vicious elements, political parties opposed to the Democrats and the negro, and Democratic candidates were defeated and the welfare of the people endangered by the class of men who were being placed in power. Every one at all familiar with the conditions of those times fully comprehends this and knows it to be true. The only way for the Democrats to succeed was to get the better class of negroes to vote with them. To do this the negro had to be recognized. Judge Wood made these appointments on the advice of the Democratic county central committees in the counties where he had jurisdiction. His act at that time was considered all right, approved by the best men in the Democratic ranks in the State, and never questioned from that date until Gov. Davis, in his desperation, seized upon it as the only thing in all of Judge Wood's career that he could criticise."

Governor Davis, continues the *Herald*, is without excuse in present conditions for like action:

"Last year the State Election Board, of which he is chairman, appointed Marshal Murray, a negro, an election commissioner for LaFayette County. As Governor, he has appointed negro justices of the peace and negro notary publics in [a] number of cases. Judge Wood had good reasons for his appointing negroes. What reason can Gov. Davis give? Does not the argument he makes against Judge Wood in this particular apply to himself with much greater force?"

The Governor's reasons may at least be creditable.—ED. NATION.]

TITIAN'S "SACRED AND PROFANE LOVE" ONCE MORE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the recent discussion noted in the *Nation* in regard to the literary source of Titian's picture called "Sacred and Profane Love" two points have been overlooked: his use of sculpture, and his invariable method of illustrating a mythological story.

Titian's use of sculpture is that of a painter. Mantegna was an archæologist, and copied the sculpture he introduced. Titian, on the contrary, translates his sculpture into paint, placing the bust or bas-relief only where it is needed to complete the composition by its color and its form. He also emphasizes the subject of his picture indirectly by bust or bas-relief, as leaves emphasize a flower. The stag-hunt on the fountain in "Diana and Callisto" (in the Bridgewater Gallery) shows this method of using sculpture, as do the playing cupids in the portrait of the little Strozzi girl. A deeper significance is given to "The Crowning with Thorns" by placing the bust of Tiberius in the picture, as in "Alexander VI. Presenting 'Baffo' to St.

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Peter" the sacrifice to Eros sculptured on the base of the throne suggests the Borgia as well as the Pope.

On the fountain of the "Sacred and Profane Love" is the same recognition of the value of sculpture as an accessory. This bas-relief is not "Genius Whipping Love out of his Sleep," as Crowe and Cavalcaselle thought, nor is it "nymphs waking a shepherd" as Lafenestre decided. I find that Titian has placed Pegasus and the Muses (on the left of the bas-relief) suggesting the deeper fount of the Heliconian spring, while Apollo and Marsyas and Apollo and Daphne (on the right) suggest the music of nature; the entire bas-relief intensifying the poetic quality of the picture. Titian always uses sculpture according to this æsthetic law.

The picture as a whole is not an illustration of the story of "Medea and Jason," as Herr Wickoff thought it to be, nor of the "Forest of Ardennes," which is its source as given by Signor Palmerini. Titian's invariable method of faithfully following his text forbids these interpretations. This method is followed by him in both early and late pictures, and should not be overlooked. In any picture from a literary source, Titian makes the important part of the story the important part of the picture. He accents only where the text accents, and subordinates all accessories in the manner and order that the text subordinates them. A comparison of any of the following pictures with its literary original will show Titian's unfailing obedience to this great law of illustration. Whether he illustrates a story from Ovid (as he does in "Diana and Actæon," "Callisto and Diana," "Apollo and Issa," "Venus and Adonis," "Rape of Europa," "Perseus and Andromeda," "Ganymede"), or Ausonius ("Venus Anadyomene"), or Ariosto ("Ruggiero and Angelica"), his method is the same. "The Bacchanal," painted for Duke Alphonso, was suggested by the old French drinking-song which is on a sheet of music in the foreground of the picture—"Chi boit et ne reboit, ne çais qua boir soit."

In "The Sacred and Profane Love" Titian has illustrated a well-known love-song, the "Pervigilium Veneris." The text of Catullus that Titian owned appears to have included this poem, though later editors have ascribed it to an unknown author. For his "Bacchus and Ariadne" Titian uses part of another love-poem, "The Marriage of Peleus and Thetis," which was also in this volume. The picture called "Sacred and Profane Love" may also be a "tableau vivant," like the Duchess of Urbino as "Venus" in the Uffizi Gallery, or the "Allegory" of the Marquis del Vasto; but whether these figures in our picture are both portraits of Laura Dianti, or of members of the Aurelio family, or even, simply, studies of a fair model painted many times by Titian, the figures, as here arranged, are one of Venus's train (Peitho?) and Delia in the "Pervirgilium Veneris."

In this poem Venus sends her nymphs to invite Delia—"if her maiden modesty would yield to her prayer"—to join in "the spring festival"; 'to leave this grove unsullied by the slaughter of the chase," "for Dione shall reign in the woods." "To-morrow the virgins shall wear roses." "Cupid will go unarmed and naked; that he may do no harm with bow and arrows or torch." "The ewes and rams will flock to the shade"; Apollo, "the god of poets, will be there"; "the whole wakeful night will resound with song," "for the new spring is come, the singing spring, when the world is born." "The woods, quickened by showers, shake loose their locks of verdure." The refrain of each verse is: "To-morrow let those love who have never loved, and let those who have loved, love to-morrow."

Does not the sunset glow striking the castle tower and bathing the whole picture in its light suggest a fair morrow? The horsemen pursue the hare in the distance; the sheep seek shade in the meadow where the lovers embrace. Both mountain and lake are there. Cupid plays unarmed in the water like a harmless child (perhaps extinguishing his torch?); the incense floats through the warm air and drifts away with the clouds, where earth and sky respond to each other in the sunset. All suggests love. Here is the essence of the "Pervirgilium Veneris," concentrated and etherealized. Titian often shows the power of concentration, giving with two simple figures a whole story, but he never has shown this power more clearly than when he illustrated this love-song of the spring: "Cras amet qui nunquam amavit, quique amavit cras amet."

ALICIA M. KEYES.

CONCORD, MASS., December 7, 1903.

BAR SINISTER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The utter absurdity of the term "bar sinister" has been pointed out so often that it would be a work of supererogation to call attention to it again, did it not appear to be a figure of speech that is popular in inverse ratio to its accuracy. When the phrase was used as the title to a novel published some three or four years ago, I looked in vain for any comment on it by the reviewers, even the *Nation* making no mention of the solecism. And now Mr. Richard Harding Davis confesses his ignorance by adopting it as the title to his latest story.

Intimate acquaintance with heraldic terms cannot be expected of the multitude; but it is incumbent upon educated people to use them correctly if at all, and a "bar sinister" is an impossibility. The use of the expression is equivalent to speaking of an oblique horizontal; not even "a crooked straight line" involves greater contradiction in terms. "Bar sinister" is a corruption of "bend sinister." It is a bend sinister that embellishes the cover of Mr. Davis's book, doubtless upon the supposition that in the language of heraldry it is the symbol that connotes illegitimate descent, though in fact it never had that meaning. The "charge" prescribed by the heralds to indicate illegitimacy is the baton sinister; the baton being a diminutive bend cut off at the ends so as not to extend entirely across the field.

FREDERICK W. GOOKIN.

CHICAGO, December 5, 1903.

["Popular, but erroneous phrase" Dr. Murray dubs "bar sinister," which may, however, be deemed to have divorced itself in ordinary usage from heraldic associations as completely as many a vocable from its etymology. In other words, had Mr. Davis not illustrated his "bar sinister" on his cover, he *might* have escaped a proper charge of solecism.—ED. NATION.]

Notes.

The Massachusetts Civil Service Reform Auxiliary offers, free of all expense, pamphlets on civil-service reform to all the high schools, normal schools, and colleges willing to make these pamphlets the subject of a lesson in their civics course. During the past two years nearly 50,000 of the pamphlets have been distributed to about 500 schools and colleges in every part of the United States. The pamphlets are 'The Merit System—The Spoils System,' by Edward Cary, and 'The Merit System in Municipalities,' by Clinton Rogers Woodruff. Copies, together with other of the Auxiliary's publications, may be obtained free on application to the assistant secretary, Miss Marian Nichols, No. 55 Mount Vernon Street, Boston.

The series of reprints of publications of a century or so ago, with their colored and other illustrations by many masters (New York: D. Appleton & Co.), is continued in an interesting way in eight volumes. Two of these are Ainsworth's 'Windsor Castle,' with process cuts after plates by Cruikshank and Tony Johannot, and designs on wood by W. A. Delamotte, and the same prolific novelist's 'Tower of London,' embellished by Cruikshank alone. 'The Second Tour of Dr. Syntax' is enhanced by twenty-four pleasing examples of Rowlandson's inventions in color; and the same author and artist are conjoined to advantage in the two-volume 'English Dance of Death,' which well exhibit the caricaturist's power, along with frequent charming backgrounds for his grewsome action. See the striking Death uncovering at the masked ball at page 165 of volume i. Nimrod's 'Life of a Sportsman,' with colored plates from the clever pencil of Henry Alken, is the last of these Ackermann reprints. Next in order is Bewick's 'Fables of Æsop,' in facsimile from Walker's Newcastle editions of 1818 and 1821. The reproduction here, it must be said, falls far below that of the foregoing. The famous cuts are hardly more than memoranda of their original selves, and afford no conception of their beauty. They have fared even worse than Blake's 'Illustrations of the Book of Job,' reduced, in the last of the volumes before us—all of which, in spite of shortcomings, have a curious historic artistic interest that will commend them for gifts.

We have delayed too long mentioning the four-volume reprint from the plates of Gayarré's 'History of Louisiana' (New Orleans: F. F. Hansell & Bro.)—a fourth edition, which Miss Grace King has supplied with a biography of the author. The intrinsic value of this work, concluded with a wail over the "martyrdom" of Louisiana in 1865, as chronicle is higher than its intellectual, judicial, or literary quality. It will give food for thought to any one endeavoring to account for the persistent difference in the human point of view North and South. In volume iv., for instance, on page 648, Mr. Gayarré, forty years after date, and with slavery abolished by the civil war, censures Gov. Henry Johnson for bespeaking respectful consideration by the

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Legislature of a resolution, on the part of Ohio (in 1826), recommending to Congress and the States the abolition of slavery. "It is," says the historian, "by such timid language, by such knee-bending attitude, that the abolitionists were encouraged in their aggressions from the beginning." The same Governor vetoed a bill to prohibit free negroes from entering Louisiana. This calls down fresh wrath, in view of the Governor's seeking to avoid unpleasant complications if a foreign freeman of color should be deprived of his treaty privileges. We cannot quote further, but will refer to page 651.

Stevenson's 'Treasure Island' has been added for school use to the "Canterbury Classics" of Rand, McNally & Co., by the editor, Prof. Katharine Lee Bates of Wellesley, the editor of this series. The print is excellent, and the illustrations above the average.

Mr. J. C. Thomson's collection of 'The Suppressed Poems of Tennyson' (Harper) is a peculiarly mistaken piece of bookmaking. The only poems that it contains which could possibly be of service to the sincere student of the growth of Tennyson's poetic art are "Timbuctoo," and the twenty-four poems discarded from the 'Poems, Chiefly Lyrical' of 1830. These were all accessible in 'Cambridge Prize Poems' and in Mr. Churton Collins's recent edition of 'Tennyson's Early Poems'; while the reprinting of casual pieces and deleted stanzas which the poet wished forgotten, for the sake of insinuating that he wasn't much of a poet anyway, is—apart from its indecency—a singularly illogical proceeding. As a matter of fact, there is scarcely a poem which has not some line lighted by the unmistakable Tennysonian gleam, or warmed by his brooding concern for the affairs of men. Even if it were not so, there is about as much relation between these bygone experiments and the ultimate evaluation of Tennyson's art as there is between the thumbmarks on the superfluous clay that the sculptor dumps in the dissolving river and the world's pleasure in his marble masterpiece.

In Dr. T. A. Emmet's 'Ireland under English Rule' (Putnams), is brought together from historical and other sources, partly from old election campaign literature, the aspect most discreditable to England in her treatment of Ireland. Lowell's well-remembered line is reversed in its application: "'Tis you [England] 're the sinner ollers, she [Ireland] 's the saint." The page headings at once reveal the drift of the volumes: "Perjury of William of Orange," "Orange Oath to Exterminate Catholics," "Brutality is Habitual with English Soldiery," "Illegality of the Union," "Ireland Could Support Fifty Millions," "Ireland's Overtaxation $600,000,000,000," "A Country Without Crime," etc. Any person with a fairly selected Irish library is likely to have most of the information in these volumes already to hand; others will here find collected much that is interesting. The appendix contains in 72 pages the "Diary of Thos. Addis Emmet, while acting in Paris as the secret agent of the United Irishmen." This, so far as we know, has never before been given to the public, and is a really valuable contribution to the history of the period referred to. An index makes available the somewhat scattered material contained in the work.

Some recent developments of discontent with the constitution of society may be studied in M. Paul Ghio's 'L'Anarchisme aux États-Unis' (Paris: Armand Colin). The author, after a disquisition on anarchy, narrates what he has observed in a visit to this country. He finds that the anarchistic propaganda has here assumed two forms—"l'individualisme libertaire et le communisme insurrectionnel." The former is indigenous, the latter imported. The individualistic or intellectual form, M. Ghio finds incarnate in Mr. Benjamin R. Tucker, whose views seem to command his admiration and even assent. So much, at least, every one must concede, that the state cannot be reformed except by the individuals that compose it, and Mr. Tucker's doctrine is commendable in so far as it emphasizes this truth. The comments of M. Ghio on this form of anarchy deserve more attention than his accounts of the insurrectional element. He tells us nothing new concerning its ebullitions of word and deed.

More is suggested as to the causes of that manifestation of anarchy called lawlessness by Mr. Joseph R. Buchanan's 'The Story of a Labor Agitator' (New York: The Outlook Co.). Society, as he would have it constituted, rests on the principle that no one shall work for hire without the permission of a labor union. Between this principle and that of individual liberty asserted by the existing constitution there is an irreconcilable conflict; and it is less surprising that Mr. Buchanan should have encountered fierce opposition than that he should have kept out of jail. He professes to have always discouraged violent methods, but he openly rejoices when such methods are employed against "scabs." Nor can the vituperation directed against courts and legislatures be regarded as tending to promote peace in the industrial world. Doubtless many of Mr. Buchanan's adversaries were no better than he; the specimens of billingsgate applied by brother journalists to him are as bad as the retorts which he submits for our admiration. In one sense all this sound and fury signifies nothing; but it is certainly ominous that large numbers of workingmen should select so intemperate a spokesman to present their aims.

Appropriate to the gift season, yet never out of date, is a well-considered and liberally manufactured volume of handsome appearance, 'The Record of a Family: A Means of Preserving Interesting Data in the Lives of the Children from Birth to Maturity' (G. P. Putnam's Sons). There are pages for photographs, and health notes and statistical tables at the end. This for the generation that knows not its family Bible, or prefers a more scientific record.

The Boston Public Library Bulletin for December has a new feature which we trust will be perpetuated. It is a carefully selected list of one hundred and fifty books, with their prices, in the English language and suitable for small public libraries, on the Fine and Decorative Arts. This and similar lists on other important subjects will prove helpful, not only to the persons for whom they are primarily intended, but to all seekers after good books.

Of human interest in the December number of the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine* we should rate first the article entitled "Sport or Business," and signed William James, jr., of the graduating class of the present year. Contents and tone are alike admirable, and what especially gives pleasure is the additional evidence of heredity in the excellent style of this effective plea for "sport." Next we may name the editor's review of the careers of the first ten scholars of a decade of classes in the fifties, tending to show that worldly honors and distinction were also fairly and sometimes markedly their portion; but again, by taking account of eminence attained by men of lower rank, that the rule is not without its exceptions. There are fine portraits of Alexander Agassiz, Henry Lee Higginson, and Le Baron Russell Briggs, the new president of Radcliffe; a view of the unfinished Stadium, and the second oldest view (Revere's print) of Harvard College. Significant in the Corporation records, to those who can read between the lines, is the turning over to the University of many shares of the Riverside Associates. In the obituaries, the class of 1827 passes to extinction. Per contra, the class of 1903 shows thirteen marriages before graduation—striking proof of the increased average age of A.B.'s.

Commander Peary's address on the value of Arctic exploration occupies the place of honor in the *National Geographic Magazine* for December. From his statement of plans of his proposed expedition—for the necessary funds for which he made a forcible appeal—it appears that novel features will be a steamer instead of a sailing ship, and a base on the shore of the Polar Sea. He admits the possibility of the existence of land in the central polar basin—"an isolated island continent, an Arctic Atlantis, with a fauna and flora of its own, with one day and one night in the year, lying there through the blinding days and opaque nights of countless geologic ages, as completely isolated from the world as if it were on Mars." This number of the magazine also contains accounts of the Government survey work in the Philippines, the grape-growing industry of this country, and the origin of different precious stones. In a communication describing a recent visit to the Muir Glacier, the "Mecca of the Alaska tourists," it is stated that "the ice-sheet has drawn back about two and one-half miles since 1899," the probable cause being an earthquake; also, that "it is not improbable that the end of the career of the Muir as a tidewater glacier is near at hand." The illustrations are numerous and interesting, especially those accompanying some notes on Panama.

In the opening article of the *Annales de Géographie* for November, Prof. A. de Lapparent discusses the various theories in regard to vulcanism. While he deprecates in the present state of our knowledge a too precise formula, he inclines to the belief that the phenomenon is due to the escape of gases generated by internal fires. An excursion made by students of the Sorbonne for the purpose of studying the Alps and the *molasse* region on the shore of Lake Leman is described by one of the party. Other articles are upon rice culture in Indo-China, and the various projects for developing it by canals for irrigation and navigation, and upon the important part which barges are playing in maritime commerce, with a mass of information thereon. In a note on the probable effect upon the Suez Canal of the Trans-Siberian and Bagdad Railways and the Panama Canal, attention is drawn to the fact that while in 1895 only two Japanese vessels passed through

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the canal, in 1902 there were sixty-one, carrying Japan to the seventh place. There were but twenty-one United States vessels last year, and we occupy the eleventh place.

Borissoff, the Russian painter of Arctic landscapes, is the subject of an interesting article in *Petermann's Mitteilungen*, number ten. The son of a peasant, he early displayed great artistic talent, and coming to the notice of M. Witte, the then Minister of Finance, he was enabled to make several journeys to the polar regions. His last was to Nova Zembla in 1901-'02, from which he brought back more than 300 studies in oil, besides many drawings and sketches. But his interests are not confined to art. He and his companions explored and mapped a hitherto unknown part of the island, and made a large number of scientific observations as well as zoölogical and botanical collections. The narrative of the New York ethnographic expedition to the tribes in northeastern Asia is continued. In this instalment some of the native superstitions are described. Under their influence occasionally a young man will be deluded into the belief that he has been changed into a woman, and will immediately adopt the dress and manner of life of the other sex, and is sometimes married to a man. More rarely, women are induced to believe that they are men.

It is announced that, with the beginning of 1904, a new monthly journal, the *Süddeutsche Monatshefte*, will begin to make its appearance in Munich, with Wilhelm Wiegand as editor and leading littérateurs as collaborators. The new venture purposes to deal independently with modern problems in science, literature, and art, and especially to counteract the superficiality that reigns supreme in so many popular journals. Politics and economic questions will not be ignored. The projectors are convinced that the periodical literature of Germany especially is retrograding, and intend, if possible, to counteract this decadence. The journal will be its own publisher.

—There has been published by L. C. Page & Co. of Boston a little book on 'The Cathedrals of Northern France,' of which the author is Francis Miltoun, and the illustrator Blanche McManus. Although printed, as well as published, in America, it is an English book to its character, the appeals being directed to the British public. It undertakes to serve as a guide-book to the cathedrals, which it classifies in a certain way as the Grand Group, the Cathedrals of the Loire, Western Normandy and Brittany, and the like. Each church is made the subject of a brief study; thus, Notre Dame de Reims receives twelve and one-half pages of comment, and St. Étienne de Bourges has nearly as many; while to St. Bénigne de Dijon only three pages are given, and only two to Notre Dame de Senlis. Very unpleasing little pictures—pictures of no interest at all—accompany the text. At the close of the volume are a series of tables and lists, one of which gives the departments of France and the ancient provinces out of which they have been shaped. Another table gives the name of each diocese in France, with its cathedral city; the distribution of which seems to be that the archbishopric is printed in capitals, and the bishopric in ordinary lower-case type. Another list, number iv., gives the larger French churches which were at one time cathedrals, and are often referred to as if they were still cathedrals; an instance of this being St. Trophime at Arles, though it may not have been in the minds of many persons that this church was ever a cathedral. There is also a table of chronology, and following it are some details of dimension and date, together with little plans, not always well drawn and of no uniform scale; also plans of parts of towns, all very rough and slight, poorly engraved and not clearly understood. For a book of this sort it seems odd that a continuous running-title, 'The Cathedrals of Northern France,' should begin with the book and end with its final page. The binding is of a most fantastic character.

—Not only was Father Louis Hennepin a liar, but so contagious is his bad example that moderns find it difficult to write about him without falling into some pitfall or other. For this reason we should welcome the edition of his 'New Discovery' which has just been published under the care of Mr. R. G. Thwaites (Chicago: McClurg). The introduction contains a scholarly account of Hennepin's methods and a straightforward appreciation of his qualities. Though Mr. Thwaites is fond of styling the author "our hero," it must not be supposed that the Récollet's brag and bluster are let off under a plea of extenuating circumstances: "The opportunities afforded this evangelist for connecting his name with an important enterprise of exploration were perhaps unexampled, save in the case of Marquette himself. His first book, as the annalist of the expedition, is that of a boaster, and nearly every incident therein is obviously overcolored. . . . With surprising audacity he adopts a patronizing tone towards even such men as La Salle and Du Luth, and discredits their deeds, which were far greater than his own. The successors to the volume are marred by inexcusable and bungling mendacity, which shows the author to have been morally unfitted for the ecclesiastical calling." Here we have a frank and candid statement regarding Hennepin's qualities as an historian—a statement which is much better grounded than the apology of Shea. The 'Louisiane,' it is true, may be called an honest production if compared with the 'Nouvelle Découverte,' but all of Hennepin's writings are vitiated by the ingrained levity of his nature. Fortunately, it is not beyond the power of criticism to separate the genuine portions of the narrative from those which are written in a spirit of colossal bluff, and Hennepin's works will long retain their place among the most celebrated records of American travel. It should be observed that Mr. Thwaites used as the basis of his text an English translation of 1698. The 'Nouvelle Découverte' was published at Utrecht in 1697, and the 'Nouveau Voyage' at the same place in the following year. The English version embraced both volumes, and also contained matter relating to Marquette. We must not neglect to mention an important contribution which is made to the present edition by Mr. Victor Paltsits of the Lenox Library. The inexactness of Hennepin himself is but too well reflected in the bibliographical remarks of well-known experts like Harrisse, Sabin, Shea, and Winsor. Mr. Paltsits has been through the editions afresh, and gives in a series of bibliographical data the most careful description of titles that has yet appeared. The outward guise of Mr. Thwaites's two volumes is extremely neat, not to say beautiful, and, without imitation, recalls in certain respects the garb of the 'Jesuit Relations.'

—'Old Quebec, the Fortress of New France' (Macmillan) is the joint production of Sir Gilbert Parker and Mr. Claude G. Bryan. We are not told how the division of labor has been arranged, but this question is the less important as the volume is not very satisfactory. Indeed, we may call it disappointing, for there is no reason why Sir Gilbert Parker should not, with a little trouble, have written a really good book on Quebec. One may well feel surprised that a city so picturesque in appearance and so interesting by virtue of its past should still lack a worthy historian. There are the various essays of Sir James Le Moine, and innumerable references scattered through the histories of Canada, but a genuine history of Quebec remains to be written. The trouble with the present volume is that it was prepared in too much of a hurry and in a spirit of undue reliance upon the works of Parkman. We do not mean that we feel anything but admiration for the author who stands head and shoulders above all other historians of New France. Yet, while the works of Parkman are classics, the historian of Quebec should possess some original knowledge of his subject. A sketch of this kind may assist the tourist, especially as it is written in a diffuse and readable style. For the rest, it leaves our historical knowledge of Quebec unsupplemented and unchanged. We are anxious not to do the authors an injustice. The prefatory note begins: "The student of the history of the ancient capital of Canada is embarrassed, not by the dearth but by the abundance of material at his disposal. The present volume, therefore, makes no claim to originality. It is but an assimilation of this generous data [*sic*] and a simple comment upon the changing scenes which were recorded by such ancient authorities as the Jesuit priests and pioneers in their 'Relations' and by the monumental works of Francis Parkman." (Kingsford, Sir James Le Moine and the Abbé Casgrain are also mentioned). We would simply point out that the book lays no claim to an originality which it does not possess. The cover and the type are good. The illustrations, though numerous, are not of the highest quality.

—In these days fiction is so generally recognized as the most appropriate form for the expression of all kinds of ideas that even our essay writers seem compelled to pose as novelists in order to gain the attention of the public. A love story is the thread of Mr. E. F. Benson's 'The Book of Months' (Harper & Brothers), but the beads are reflections on the men and manners of our own day, with occasional meditations on the philosophical problems of all the ages. The danger of overseriousness is still further averted by the device of linking many of these comments with the varying phenomena of the seasons, whence the title of the book. The volume is everywhere interesting, especially in its acute observation and skilful description of the life of the country and of the streets. Many of the comments, too, are shrewd, but as a philosopher Mr. Benson is a little too much

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of a sentimentalist to carry his readers with him. He gives a graphic representation, for instance, of the feelings of a passenger carried through the railway station of a large city in an express train. Just after the city is passed are two children at a stile waving their hats. Very well, so far; but when Mr. Benson goes on to moralize on the possibility that "in years to come the line of your life may cross theirs," one begins to inquire after his sense of humor. Another passage, illustrating the exuberance of the springtide by telling how it draws a country-house guest out of his room at midnight to run barefooted across the meadows and climb a young beech tree, thereby tearing his dress trousers, is meant to be idyllic, but is actually absurd. Perhaps, after all, Mr. Benson's thread is of more value than his beads.

—To readers of a literary turn who, though ignorant of Italian, would like to learn by an easy and pleasant process something of Italian letters, may be heartily recommended a handsome volume by Oscar Kuhns, 'The Great Poets of Italy' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). "The body of this book," the author tells us, "formed the second part of a volume on the Latin and Italian poets, prepared in collaboration with Prof. F. J. Miller of Chicago University, for the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle." Chautauqua is to be congratulated on securing the services of so competent a scholar as Professor Kuhns. His book is eminently readable, and its attractiveness is enhanced by twelve excellent portraits of the writers studied, ranging from Dante to Fogazzaro. The "great poets" are so treated that the work forms a tolerably consecutive history of Italian poetry. Copious extracts from their compositions are given in translations that are almost invariably good. Occasional slight inaccuracies of statement, while they may momentarily vex the specialist, can do no great harm to the general reader. The Sicilian verse, in the first chapter, receives the usual sweeping condemnation, with no recognition of its redeeming features; "Il Notaro," its best exponent, is not mentioned. It is not obvious why Guittone should be called "the direct literary ancestor of Dante," nor why Guinicelli should figure as a "follower of Guittone"; the relation of the early Tuscan to the Bolognese school seems to be misapprehended. One is surprised that a Dante student, at the present stage of the discussion, should refer Francesca's "il tuo dottore" to Boethius. Boccaccio's 'Ameto' is something more than a "pastoral poem"; and "poem" is hardly a sufficient description of Politian's 'Orfeo.' In the characterization of Pulci, Boiardo, and Ariosto the humorous side of their talent might have been more emphasized. The poets most fully represented in Professor Kuhns's book are Dante (who occupies nearly a quarter of the volume), Petrarch, Ariosto, Tasso, Alfieri, Leopardi, and Carducci. The presentation of Boccaccio is scarcely adequate; while Metastasio, Parini, and Manzoni are dismissed with a page apiece. Leopardi and Carducci, on the other hand, are sympathetically and satisfactorily dealt with.

—A more pretentious work than the foregoing is Joel Foote Bingham's 'Gemme della Letteratura Italiana' (Florence: G. Barbèra; London and New York: Henry Frowde), a showy red and white volume of over a thousand pages, containing extracts in prose and verse, from about 150 authors. The editor designs his book, not for the casual reader, but for the English student of Italian literature, to whom he intends to furnish a "bird's-eye view" of its development from the Middle Ages down to the present day. The classification is simple and helpful; the discussions of general tendencies, as well as the biographical and bibliographical notices of the writers, though too brief to be of great use, are usually accurate. Very little, if any, of this matter is original with Dr. Bingham, who, as he declares at the start, has drawn freely from the best modern manuals and anthologies. Everything in the volume, even the preface, is written in Italian. The chief usefulness of such a compilation consists in providing samples of a host of minor authors who are seldom to be found in English and American libraries. Its inevitable fault is scrappiness. The selections are mainly good, but very uneven in length and kind; Goldoni, for instance, is represented by an entire comedy, while Sannazaro (spelled with *zz*) is cut down to one short poem and two paragraphs of prose. The typography, though always clear, shows a similar capriciousness, being sometimes, without apparent reason, of the size adopted in children's first primers, sometimes of moderate dimensions, and sometimes (especially in long extracts) on a literally microscopic scale. The red paint with which the outside of the book is liberally smeared loses no time in transferring itself to the fingers and thence to the pages. A portrait of the author serves as a frontispiece. In a supreme effort at up-to-dateness the volume bears the legend "1904."

—The fifth volume of Messrs. Funk & Wagnalls's 'Jewish Encyclopædia' (Dreyfus-Brisac—Goat) maintains easily the plan and standard of its predecessors. Whatever weaknesses may show themselves in the treatment here and there, and whatever inaccuracies may have crept into details, there can be no question that the book is destined to be one of the great thesauri, and one illuminating a peculiarly dark tract of knowledge. Its chief strength, as before, lies in its biography and history. In this volume there are lengthy articles on Egypt, France, and England, besides shorter treatments of such rubrics as Germany (of which the various States have full treatment separately), Europe (a sketch), Ferrara, Florence, Frankfort-on-Main. As parts of a great historical and sociological description of the Jewish world, these leave little to be desired; it being always understood that they seldom enter into minutiæ of research. The biographies are multitudinous, and seem fairly exact and full. In the treatment of the Old Testament in this volume a change appears of a somewhat curious nature. Hitherto each Biblical book has been considered in tripartite fashion, conservatively, rabbinically, and critically. Now two critical Richards take the field, but the second, Rabbi Benno Jacob of Göttingen, principally occupies himself with vehement denials of the critical positions. On Exodus he is pitted thus with Driver, but on Genesis he has it almost altogether to himself, with the merest critical bob added by Rabbi Hirsch of Chicago. The result for the reader is a fine, and probably most salutary, feeling of confusion.

—But all is not of such solid stuff. Here, for example, is told the queer, story so far as made out, of the Jewish Maundeville. Eldad Had-dani. Another semi-mythical and wholly interesting figure is Elisha ben Abuya, called mysteriously *Aher* (Another), heretic, Gnostic, crypto-Christian, Philoist, whatever he may really have been, often mentioned in the Talmud, but still shadowy with vague possibilities. More than the lives of a dozen rabbis lived in plain daylight, his legend illustrates the vitality and strange vicissitudes of Judaism. In the very latest Jewish literature he reappears in the rôle of Faust. Like him, in modern times, would seem to have been Hayyim Falk, who died in London in 1782, leaving a cluster of strange stories of powers more than human, and a diary, a medley of dreams, charitable gifts, book-lists, cabalistic names of angels, lists of pledges pawned with him, and cooking recipes. He was a Baal Shem, a Master of the most great Name of God, claimed thaumaturgic powers, made talismans, and, most wonderful of all, left a comfortable fortune behind him. Surely, it took a magician and adventurer of the Sons of Israel to be a pawnbroker besides and die rich. From this the passage is easy to folklore, medicine, songs, tales, and to a delightfully elaborate account of Elijah in rabbinic literature and mediæval stories—there is little difference. With his figure the Jewish imagination busied itself most lovingly and satisfactorily in tales full of life and beauty. Even of late the persistence of his cult in strange forms has been brought home to us; but the gap is wide between the "Uncle Elijah on his little gray horse" of Jewish childhood and—Dowie. The Genizas may lead us back to scholarship. They have proved dwellings of romance for the hunter of manuscripts, and fertile in those as the tombs of Egypt—literal tombs of books themselves. The illustrations, finally, are excellently chosen for atmosphere and suggestion. In one, Elijah announces the coming of Messiah; another is a permit to a Frankfort Jew to leave the "Judengasse" to see a coronation procession, not, however, to stand on the street; another, a permit to marry; another, a receipt given in 1181 by Aaron of Lincoln, Scott's Isaac of York.

—An ancient custom at the Oxford University Press was exemplified on the occasion of a recent brief visit, Monday, October 26, 1903, paid by Mr. Choate. A "keepsake" recording the fact and date of his visit was set up, and struck off in his presence. This practice would seem to have begun while printing was still not only wonderful, but also mysterious, as is shown by the various legends as to the invention of printing which still decorate even eighteenth-century "keepsakes." On one, printed for Samuel Showell early in the eighteenth century, we read: "The noble Art and Mystery of Printing was first invented by John Guttenburgh, a Soldier at Mentz, in High Germany, Anno 1440. King Henry VI. (Anno 1459), sent two private Messengers with Fifteen Hundred Marks to procure one of the workmen. These prevailed on one Frederick Corsellis to leave the Printing House in Disguise, who immediately came over with them, and first instructed the English in

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this most famous Art at Oxford the same year, 1459." The next "keepsake" (1722) attributes the first printing in England to John Islip in (1471). But the spirit of modern criticism already asserts itself in 1767 with astonishing results. A "keepsake" of this year dates the first printing "about 1451," and says that "about 1471" it was brought to England by "William Caxton, a Mercer and Citizen of London, who, by encouragement of the Great and particularly of the Abbot of Westminster, first set up a Printing Press in the Abbey." Many of these "keepsakes" have been collected and discussed as early bookplates, but Messrs. Hart of the Clarendon Press, and Madan of the Bodleian, have shown them to be of the same general commemorative character with the sumptuous records printed on satin in 1832 and 1835 in honor of "her R. H. the Duchess of Kent and her illustrious daughter, the Princess Victoria," and of Queen Adelaide. The last keepsake of the nineteenth century was for the Duchess of Albany, and the first of the present century is the one commemorating Mr. Choate's visit.

ART AND CRITICISM.

Conférences Inédites de l'Académie Royale de Peinture et de Sculpture, d'après les Manuscrits des Archives de l'École des Beaux-Arts. Par André Fontaine, Docteur ès lettres. Paris: Albert Fontemoing. (Collection "Minerva.")

Recollections and Impressions of James A. McNeill Whistler. By Arthur Jerome Eddy. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1903.

The History of American Sculpture. By Lorado Taft, Member of the National Sculpture Society. (The History of American Art. Edited by John C. Van Dyke.) Macmillan. 1903.

Miniature Painters, British and Foreign. With some account of those who practised in America in the Eighteenth Century. By J. J. Foster. London: Dickinson's; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1903.

In his *avant-propos* M. Fontaine explains that his book is published in order to throw some light on the old question as to whether or no artists are the best critics of art. M. Brunetière had maintained that painters and sculptors are almost alone qualified to judge of works of painting and sculpture, and had specifically cited the Conferences of the old Académie Royale as instances of good criticism. "Diderot," he said, "had turned art criticism into a false route, whereas a hundred years before his time the Conferences of the Academy had directed it into the good, the true, the only way." In 1883 M. Jouin published a selection of these Academic discourses which hardly seemed to bear out M. Brunetière's contentions, and was accused of having printed only the poorer ones. After twenty years M. Fontaine has come into the field and has published a larger selection. He has chosen a series of Conferences on the relative merit of drawing and of color, because here is an important subject on which, if on anything, the opinions of painters should be valuable; he has added to this all the unpublished discourses of Le Brun and of Philippe de Champaigne, because these men were the foremost artists of the time; and if artists are the best judges of art, it would seem that the opinion of the best artists should be valued most highly. Finally, he has printed a number of discourses by minor artists, especially all those which are recorded for the year 1672, the year in which the debate on form and color was concluded. Having thus given us what should be a fair sample of the criticism of art by the artists of that time (many of these discourses were so highly prized by the Academy that they were re-read from time to time during a century), he virtually asks us what we think of them. His own conclusion is stated, in the last paragraph of his preface, to this effect:

"It is well to study these Academic Conferences with care as one of the most significant and curious expressions of the artistic conceptions of the seventeenth century; but I doubt if one will find among them any excellent models of art criticism, or if they will add much to the fame of the illustrious men who took part in them."

It may be well to explain, at first, just what these discourses were. They were originally called, not *conférences*, but *ouvertures de conférences*, which is an exact description of what they were meant to be. The Academy was supposed to hold a conference or discussion each month (though there was always some irregularity in the matter) before the students of the School and the public. One of the pictures from the Royal Collection was taken as a text, and the discussion was opened by the reading of a formal paper prepared by one of the Academicians. Each of the other Academicians was then asked for his opinion, and, finally, the collective opinion was formulated in a "Resolution" which was intended to settle the matter discussed, and to register the opinion of the Academy in a form that should be useful to the students in their future practice. In some cases we have a résumé of the discussion; in some cases the final resolution, which was apt to be disappointingly vague and general in its terms. For the most part we have only the opening paper—the *ouverture de conférence*.

These discourses, as became their purpose, were generally short. It must also be admitted that they were apt to be bald, to have no value as literature and very little as argument, and that the conceptions of art and of criticism embodied in them are extremely old-fashioned, and sometimes almost grotesque. LeBrun's elaborate allegorizing of Poussin's "Rapture of St. Paul," for instance, is as entirely aside from anything properly pertaining to art criticism as the most rampant of purely literary critics could have made it; only it is not so well written. On the other hand, we seem to see in the discourses of Philippe de Champaigne a man of sound sense and real discrimination struggling with the difficulties of expression in an unfamiliar medium. One feels that he really knew a great deal, and had something to say that might have been valuable if he had known how to say it. His lack of mental training and the poverty of his vocabulary reduce his statements to little more than that this is fine and that not so fine; and though such statements may be true, they are not especially interesting.

It is perfectly true, then, that these discourses are not models of art criticism, and yet they do not convince us of the falsity of M. Brunetière's contention that painters and sculptors are best fitted to judge of painting and sculpture. In spite of all prejudice and party spirit, the artist does, far more than the outsider, *know* whereof he speaks, and his instinctive judgment is far more likely to be just than that of the critic who approaches art from the point of view of the general public. When he gives reasons for his judgment, however, he is quite likely to give wrong ones. The value of his reasoning is in proportion to his intellectual power and logical training, just as the literary value of his work is in proportion to his power of expression in words. His æsthetic theories are neither better nor worse because of his practical knowledge, and his ability to explain the beauty of a work of art bears no necessary relation to his ability to feel it. Yet it always has been, and always will be, the collective judgment of the artists themselves which fixes the ultimate rank of a given artist or a given work. And when to the knowledge of the artist is added the power of reasoning and the power of expression, we have the ideal critic—the only one that seriously counts.

Mr. Eddy's 'Recollections and Impressions' of Whistler are rather slender. He seems really to have seen very little of his hero, and the best parts of his book are the reminiscences of others. He has evidently written hastily, and without due revision. His pages abound in repetitions, the same anecdote turning up more than once, and being repeated at length in almost identical phraseology. The bulk of his pages, however, is devoted to an attempted appreciation of Whistler's art and a restatement of Whistler's doctrines, and these bring up in another form the question of the relative value of the criticism of art by artists or by laymen.

The objection most commonly urged against the validity of criticism of art by the artist is that the artist is necessarily a partisan—that his success in the practice of his art is to some extent dependent on his seeing only those qualities of it which he is fitted by nature and training to deal with, and that he is therefore blind to other qualities and unjust to their possessors. One might answer that it is more important that the critic should be illuminating than that he should be unbiassed; that he should see certain things vividly and explain them clearly than that he should see all things with an impartial dimness. But, as a matter of fact, is the artist more biassed than his literary or journalistic backers? Was any artist ever more bitterly partisan than Ruskin, or any critic more broadminded than Fromentin? Mr. Eddy, we take it, is no painter, but his admiration for Whistler leads him to extravagances of praise, while he not only accepts the "Ten o'Clock" as gospel, but pushes its doctrines further than Whistler himself ever did.

A few specimens must suffice. Whistler has not only done things "beside which the finest art of France is crude and barbaric"; he is "the greatest artist since the days of Rembrandt and Velasquez—and greater than either in some respects." He is, "of all the men of his century or of many preceding centuries, . . . the *only* one to treat color as a composer of music treats sound." Finally, "As an etcher, comparisons are drawn between him and

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Rembrandt. As a painter of portraits, comparisons are drawn between him and Velasquez. As a colorist he is beyond comparison, save with the masters of the Far East." After this it is not surprising to be told that the future art of America will be "the noblest of human achievements." As to the doctrine, Mr. Eddy holds that in Whistler's finest work "the *sole* object is color-music, quite regardless of other considerations," and that this should be so, for "there is no art in nature; there should be no nature in art," and "the use of color imitatively . . . is as base as the use of sound imitatively." We are far here from the naïve notion of the seventeenth century, that the only aim of art was "l'imitation de la belle nature"; are we any nearer the truth? Mr. Eddy thinks (probably with reason) that Whistler's controversies have in England and America overshadowed his art, "while to the French, who happily could not read his book, he is known only as an artist." Neither will they be likely to read this book, or to be tempted into belittling the great merits of a true artist by the spirit of opposition which its exaggerations are calculated to excite.

It seems to us that the real drawback to art criticism by artists is that in dealing with his contemporaries the artist turned critic may not feel free to express his whole mind. While he is young and ardent he may recklessly say what he thinks; but as he grows older and cooler, and his opinions become better worth expressing, the danger is less that he shall be unfair than that he shall be afraid to be thought so. Accusations of partisanship, not to say of malice and professional jealousy, are so currently made against every artist who may chance to find even the slightest fault in the work of another, that those who could talk to the best advantage learn to keep a lock upon their mouths, and to make their silent protest against false theories or wrong practice in their work alone. When they speak, they speak only in praise. It is a delicate and difficult task for a sculptor to write of his brother sculptors as Mr. Lorado Taft has undertaken to do in his 'History of American Sculpture,' and he has performed it better than might have been expected. He has industriously collected his facts, has marshalled them with skill, and has given a fairly comprehensive and accurate view of the evolution of the art in this country. He writes clearly and pleasantly, shows considerable critical discrimination in dealing with the work of our earlier sculptors, and gives us a definite notion of their shortcomings as well as of their merits. The greater part of the book, however, necessarily deals with men still living, all of them the colleagues and many of them the personal friends of the author, and here he has evidently felt less at his ease. The praise is still nicely discriminated—it is given for the right qualities, and is seldom unjustified or excessive in itself; but the lack of any balancing of faults against virtues, or of any measuring by an accepted standard, gives to this portion of the work an air of sustained eulogy. The absence of shade deprives the light of some of its value, and where so much is lauded, the laudation of the best is ineffective. We could wish, also, that in a work of this kind the desire to be just to every one had not led the writer to include so many names of artists whom he has not considered sufficiently important to merit characterization or discussion. Such mere lists of names are hard reading; they can never be complete; and omission from them may seem like an intentional slight, while inclusion is hardly a compliment.

The last book on our list is rather an aid to collectors than a piece of criticism. Its two handsome volumes contain some account of almost all the miniature painters of importance, in England or elsewhere, before the temporary eclipse of the art by the invention of photography, together with chapters on "Collections and Collectors," "The Care of Miniatures," etc., while the appendices give catalogues of famous sales and exhibitions, and an alphabetical list intended to include all artists who are known to have painted miniatures. The author, who is already well known as a writer on the subject of miniature painting, believes that this is the first general work on the subject to contain some account of American miniaturists of the eighteenth century, as it also contains chapters on the Continental schools. But miniature painting was, after all, a British art, and its greater masters practised in England, and were, after the days of Holbein, generally of English birth, so that it is natural that more space and a larger number of illustrations should be allotted to English miniaturists than to all others. It is these illustrations which will likely prove the most attractive part of the book, whether they be considered as examples of style for the guidance of the collector, or merely as beautiful and interesting things. There are 123 well-executed photogravure plates; and, since many of these plates contain several subjects, there are no less than 220 separate reproductions of miniatures, many of them among the best and most celebrated in the world, including a number of works of that king of miniaturists and truly great portrait painter, Samuel Cooper, who has given us the most evidently authentic portraits existing of Cromwell and Monk and Charles II., and many other important persons of that epoch.

RECENT POETRY.

When an author, especially late in life, prints a whole volume of his poems, he is apt to recall to the reader's mind that valet of the celebrated Beau Nash who used to come every morning from his master's room with a whole armful of slightly ruffled cravats, which he explained by the remark, "These, sir, are our failures!" The world, with a cumulative skill unconscious of itself, has usually selected the author's one triumphant achievement — it may be Holmes's "Chambered Nautilus," or Lowell's "Commemoration Ode," or Whittier's "Ichabod," or Whitman's "O Captain, My Captain"—and the world retains that; but the author, in due time and perhaps very properly, republishes all the rest in a volume of three or four hundred pages. Thus it is with Mr. Trowbridge's large volume of 'Poetical Works' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), a book which, as the reluctant reader at once perceives, is actually published for the sake of "The Vagabonds." Mr. Trowbridge, no doubt, put as much feeling and as much imagination into other effusions; but the hardened critic will not view it so. 'Castalian Days,' by Lloyd Mifflin (H. Frowde), includes this poet's later sonnets. We have already expressed the opinion that the accomplished author is limiting his fame by writing too constantly and almost monotonously in the sonnet form. As time goes on, moreover, Mr. Mifflin boldly measures swords with Shakspere himself, and even suggests discouraging comparisons when he ventures on the theme of "Antony in Egypt" (p. 34). He keeps more skilfully on his own ground when paying a tribute, and that gracefully, to the memory of Maurice Thompson (p. 8):

IN MEMORIAM.

A deeper hush is on the prairie's plain;
Far in the dark savanna's plashy meads
The heron, lonelier, stands among her weeds,
And e'en our woodlands have a touch of pain.
Gone is the singer of the sylvan strain
Whose note the indifferent world but little heeds;
Put by the syrinx of the seven reeds,
Our minstrel now will never pipe again!
He who along the dewy forest streams
Fluted at dawn full many a silver hymn,
Lies not within yon churchyard's lone retreat;
But in some region beyond telling sweet,
In immaterial valleys, strange and dim,
He lingers, lapped in never-ending dreams.

Far above Mr. Mifflin's in variety, though not in evenness of execution, are the "new sonnets," 'Vigil and Vision,' by John Payne (London: Villon Society). Mr. Payne is well known by his various translations of Boccaccio, Bandello, Villon, Hafiz, and 'The Book of the Thousand Nights and One Night.' His poems, inspired by pictures from Fortuny and Delacroix, and his "Musicalia," suggested by Mendelssohn and Wagner, indicate his variety of taste and training, and we know no limit to his muse except in his English ignorance of the joy that Americans find in winter. "Winter's spleen," "winter's martyrdom," "winter's grief" appear constantly. He admits that winter indoors may have some pleasures, but out of doors he offers us only "mute is the world for misery," "corpse of cold nature," "winter's deathly dream," "the sorry seasons of the snow"; and all this of a season which awakens shouts of delight in every American boy or girl above the latitude of Virginia. In the same way our radiant autumnal woods never appear in his verse; he only apologizes for the "russet woods and leaf-strewn ways." Personally, the only Americans who reach him are Gen. Robert Lee and Herman Melville, to the latter of whom he writes the following sonnet (p. 62):

None of the sea that fables but must yield
To Melville; whether with Whitejacket fain
We are to share, or Redburn, joy and pain;
Whether through Mardi's palaces, palm-ceiled,
We stray or wander in Omoo afield
Or dream with Ishmael cradled at the main,
High in the crow's-nest o'er the rocking plain.
Few such enchantments o'er the soul can wield.
But over all the tale of Typee vale,
O'er all his idylls of the life afloat,
"The Whale" I prize, wherein, of all that wrote
Of Ocean, none e'er voiced for us as he
The cachalot's mad rush, the splintered boat,
The terrors and the splendors of the sea.

Miss Josephine Preston Peabody is evidently taking a little lyrical rest between her fine drama "Marlowe" and her next dramatic poem. She puts forth a little volume of a hundred or so short lyrics or meditations, 'The Singing Leaves: A Book of Songs and Spells' (Houghton), of which the best are usually the youngest in conception. These have the unconsciousness and the childlike buoyancy of Stevenson, with, perhaps, as we fancy, a feminine atmosphere and a slightly closer texture. Take the following (p. 38):

THE BUSY CHILD.

I have so many things to do,
I don't know when I shall be through.

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To-day I had to watch the rain
Come sliding down the window-pane;

And I was humming all the time,
Around my head, a kind of rhyme;

And blowing softly on the glass
To see the dimness come and pass.

I made a picture with my breath
Rubbed out to show the underneath.

I built a city on the floor;
And then I went and was a War.

And I escaped from square to square
That's greenest on the carpet there,

Until at last I came to Us;
But it was very dangerous:

Because if I had stepped outside,
I made believe I should have died!

And now I have the boat to mend,
And all our supper to pretend.

I am so busy, every day,
I haven't any time to play.

In the same charming infantile vein is the following (p. 46):

LATE.

My father brought somebody up
To show us all asleep.
They came as softly up the stairs
As you could creep.

They whispered in the doorway there
And looked at us awhile.
I had my eyes shut up, but I
Could feel him smile.

I shut my eyes up close, and lay
As still as I could keep;
Because I knew he wanted us
To be asleep.

Of some of the older poems, so to speak, it may be said that they are not quite simple enough, or at any rate never become quite so clear to the reader as to the writer. Yet on the whole they continue to inspire the reader with more confidence in Miss Peabody's muse, perhaps, than in that of any of her young contemporaries.

Mrs. Ella Higginson's distinct and unquestioned ability is once again visible in 'The Voice of April-Land, and Other Poems' (Macmillan). There are very marked limitations which rarely allow her a wholly complete and triumphant poem, and somtimes react in morbidnesses, as in "The Cry of the Drowned" (p. 72). We extract one of her most powerful, because among her quietest, pieces (p. 85):

MIDNIGHT ON BROOKLYN BRIDGE.

Ah, me! I know how large and cool and white
The moon lies on the brow of Sehome Hill,
And how the firs stand shadowy and still
Etched on that luminous background this soft night;
How the night hawk sinks from his starry height,
And breathes his one note, mournfully and shrill,
And crickets clamor in the marsh until
The dusk grows vocal with their deep delight.
City, a lifetime spent in thee were not
Worth one night in my western solitude!
Thy pulse is feverish, thy blood is hot,
Thine arteries throb with passion heavily;
But oh, how sweet I hear, in interlude,
The beating, moon-lured tides of Puget Sea.

Mr. William Watson holds manfully to his well-known attitude of independence in his 'For England: Poems Written during Estrangement' (Lane); and certainly no poet has need to justify himself who inscribes the dedication of his book to Leonard Courtney and closes with the "Lines to the Right Hon. James Bryce.' Never more distinctly has he shown his love of country and his intense loyalty to principle; and there is no doubt of the future recognition of one who can pay this tribute to an enemy (p. 14):

THE ENEMY.

Unskilled in Letters, and in Arts unversed;
Ignorant of empire; bounded in their view
By the lone billowing veldt, where they upgrew
Amid great silences; as people nursed
Apart—the far-sown seed of them that erst
Not Alva's sword could tame; now, blindly hurled
Against the march of the majestic world,
They fight and die, with dauntless bosoms curst.
Crazed, if you will; demented, not to yield
Ere all be lost! And yet it seems to me
They fought as noblest Englishmen did use
To fight, for freedom; and no Briton he,
Who to such valor in a desperate field
A knightly salutation can refuse.

Professor Woodberry has collected in one volume under the general head of 'Poems' (Macmillan) the substance of five previous volumes. In his brief preface he says: "If the result is less than it should have been, there are here some gleanings of time from a life never so fortunate as to permit more than momentary and incidental cultivation of that art which is the chief grace of the intellectual life." Every word of this sentence commands reverence for its truth and nobleness except the word "fortunate," since no man is really qualified to judge what that means as applied to his own career; and no one can guess whether what the world calls fortune or misfortune has most profited him in the end. The same individual service which has placed this poet's work on a plane so high, has in a manner spread a thin film or haze about it, so that by the great majority of readers the ultimate product will be admired rather than felt. It is not so much that Mr. Woodberry's poetry is cold as that its very warmth seems to lie at the edge of coldness. Its imaginativeness is unquestioned; his very titles charm; yet there is always a little sense of reserve. He has the poet's ear for a phrase, for a syllable, and the reader feels the truth of the statement when Mr. Woodberry writes: "The author can claim only that he has written no line except for itself alone." If he is to remain simply a poets' poet, not the poet of a nation's heart, this is clearly not because his own heart does not go out to others; for that it really seeks them is shown in this little poem, putting into words the blessing of child-love, pure and simple (p. 112):

THE CHILD.

It was only the clinging touch
Of a child's hand in the street,
But it made the whole day sweet;
Caught, as he ran full-speed,
In my own stretched out to his need,
Caught, and saved from the fall,
As I held, for the moment's poise,
In my circling arms the whole boy's
Delicate slightness, warmed mould.
Mine, for an instant mine,
The sweetest thing the heart can divine,
More precious than fame or gold,
The crown of many joys,
Lay in my breast, all mine.

I was nothing to him;
He neither looked up nor spoke;
I never saw his eyes;
He was gone ere my mind awoke
From the action's quick surprise
With vision blurred and dim.

You say I ask too much:
It was only the clinging touch
Of a child in a city street;
It hath made the whole day sweet.

On the other hand, the high-water mark of the volume has perhaps been indicated by the author himself in placing his two superb sonnets "At Gibraltar" on the very first pages of his book.

That "chartered libertine" of literature, Rev. Dr. Edward Everett Hale, has thrown the commonplace-books of a family into a volume called 'New England History in Ballads, by Edward E. Hale and his Children, with a Few Additions by Other People' (Boston: Little, Brown & Co.). Nothing would probably be felt by the chief editor as a greater compliment than to say that this book is journalistic from cover to cover, illustrations and all. It includes, incidentally, poems to the stars and on Columbus, also a hymn on three anniversaries, and a sonnet to the ship which brought a copy of Michael Angelo's statue of Christ from Italy to America. The editor says in his introduction: "It might be said of New England that she has no ballads, and that those she has are not good" (p. viii.), although he is afterwards compelled to admit that Longfellow and Whittier have come tolerably near success. To fill this gap, the jovial divine, with inexhaustible and cheery egotism, contributes himself and household. It must be said that the best of the ballads are the commonplace old ones, "Yankey [*sic*] Doodle" (p. 116) and the like; and that there is also a very considerable range of merit and demerit in the illustrations. There runs through all, moreover, the same limitation which will always keep 'The Man Without a Country' from being assigned to the higher rank in literature—that is, they are mostly written from the "my country, right or wrong" point of view. The book also preserves some odds and ends of merely local rhyming, not elsewhere collected.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.—II.

'The Magic Forest,' by Stewart Edward White (Macmillan), is well called by the author "a modern fairy tale," for though it deals with what are supposed to be realities, its plan is as whimsical as the conceits of Grimm and Andersen. It relates the adventures of a nine-year-old New York boy, who, having fallen snugly asleep in his berth on a Canadian Pacific train, awakens at dawn to find himself standing alone, half-dressed and shivering, among the misty trees of a boundless forest. He does not know that he has left the train in a fit of somnambulism, impelled by the visions with which a day's travel along the edge of the wilderness has filled his head; so he can only believe himself transported by enchantment to a magic land, and he looks about for the wonders that ought to happen. A party of Indians here drive their quivering canoes over the edge of a cataract into the story, and carry the willing boy along in their journey to the north. They are fur-trading Ojibways, somewhat suggestive of the Hiawatha legends, and his five months' wandering with them, full of lessons in simple woodcraft, makes a pretty little sketch.

'Wanderfolk in Wonderland,' by Edith Guerrier (Small, Maynard & Co.), consists of six bright, fantastic animal fable stories. The moral, stated text-wise at the beginning of each story, seems in several cases to be aimed at older heads than children's. For instance, the aphorism, "Do not force another to do things you want him to do until you find out what he himself wants to do," may give a timely jog to the perceptions of teachers and parents, but will not greatly illuminate for childish minds the "admirable fooling" of the story that follows.

'The Curious Book of Birds,' by Abbie Farwell Brown (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), is an attractive collection of tales and fables about birds, taken from the legends, chiefly unfamiliar, of many different peoples. The stories are told in a pleasant way that will interest children. These quaint fancies from the childhood of nations will be quite as persuasive teachers of gentleness and good will towards birds as the carefully recorded observations and accredited biographies of modern popular bird literature.

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In 'Mother Bunny,' by Harriet A. Cheever (Dana Estes & Co.), a rabbit of the woods gives an account of her life, and describes rabbit homes and ways and neighbors. It is a pleasant little story, in which fancy mingles with fact.

Mr. William Wells Newell's considerable "Aftermath" greatly enhances the value of his 'Games and Songs of American Children,' now issued in an enlarged edition by Harper & Bros. In the twenty years which have elapsed since the first, he has profited particularly by Mrs. Gomme's parallel English collection, and his own is more than ever classic and standard for the theme of which it treats. While it is scholarly and scientific in its treatment, it is a very mine of nursery rhymes, frequently accompanied by the music. Mr. Newell is more than ever convinced of the English derivation of these childish plays, some of which, like so many vocables of the language, have survived here after being lost to sight in the mother country. He is able, from his own family papers, to furnish an analogous survival of "the custom which entitled a lady, even on a first introduction, to honor with a kiss any favored gentleman." His great-grandfather (no doubt an attractive person), coming, an Englishman, to Massachusetts after the Revolution, found the custom obligatory there, "rather to his disgust."

'A Little Brother to the Bear,' by the Rev. William J. Long (Ginn & Co.), is an account of incidents in the lives of wild animals observed by the author. The most remarkable part of the book relates to what Mr. Long calls "animal surgery"—that is, the self-administered treatment of wounds and other injuries. In speaking of animals' methods of dressing wounds, he says: "It is noteworthy here that the bear uses either gum or clay indifferently, while the beaver and muskrat seem to know enough to avoid the clay, which would be quickly washed off in the water." Mr. Long was fortunate enough to see a woodcock apparently plastering its leg up with a clay and fibre bandage. He concludes his interesting account of the incident with the following words: "I had my own explanation of the incredible action; namely, that the woodcock had a broken leg, and had deliberately put it into a clay cast to hold the broken bones in place until they should knit together again." This explanation he found confirmed twenty years later by a friend's testimony concerning a similar case. Scientists who have hitherto had difficulty in reconciling Mr. Long's observations and interpretations with the fund of facts which they as a body have collected, will be equally perplexed by parts of this book, and conservative readers may prefer to delay their acceptance of some of Mr. Long's interesting theories until professional naturalists shall obtain more corroborative evidence.

Even if we leave out of sight Mrs. Wiggin's Penelope series, as too different in character to admit of comparison, we cannot but rate her 'Half a Dozen Housekeepers (Philadelphia: Henry Altemus Co.) as greatly inferior to its own sequel, 'Rebecca.' In the first place, it is highly improbable that six girls of one generation back—if not two, for the writer tells us that "girls were still 'young females' when all this happened"—should have been allowed by their parents and their school authorities to spend an unexpected vacation by themselves in an empty house. In the second place, it is difficult to see for whom the book is intended. The story, if the word be not too pretentious for so slight a series of incidents, is too "childlike and bland" for any one over ten, yet at that age a little girl would hardly appreciate the long words and the hints about love-making. Still, the book may be recommended on the same grounds as grape-nuts or any other cereal; if the public can be induced to like it, there is no doubt of its wholesomeness.

Howard Pyle draws for his 'Story of King Arthur and his Knights' (New York: Scribners), out of the twenty-one books of Malory, only from the first, third, and fourth, modifying the narrative from other sources. Many of the incidents selected are altered for children, and many more are expanded beyond recognition. Thus, the dramatic touch of the naked sword hung by the injured Pelleas over Gawaine and Ettard is entirely omitted; Guinevere is made to have her first sight of Arthur as he lies wounded in a hermit's hut, instead of watching him from the window fighting with her father's giant enemy, as in the continuation of Robert de Borron's romance; Gawaine receives a character as much too noble as in 'The Idylls' it is too base, and, on the authority of one obscure old English ballad, figures as a model of married love; while a truly Indian tale of Arthur's assuming the disguise of a gardener's boy at Cameliard is evolved apparently out of the present writer's inner consciousness. Like the critic on Farrar's 'Life of Christ,' we long for "the more concise original version." All this is, however, a matter of taste, and the stories, from whatever sources they are taken, are well told.

There are occasional lapses, both into colloquialism and also into what Stevenson called "Tushery," as when we read "until the King should be through his business," or "At this the face of that knight fell all pale, like to ashes, and he emitted a sound similar to the sound made by a hare when the hound lays hold upon it." One short sentence of Malory's, "'This is a simple cause,' said Sir Gawaine; 'strange men ye should debate withal, and not brother with brother,'" is inflated into the following: "At this Sir Gawaine was very greatly astonished, and he said, 'Messires, I cannot understand how so great a quarrel should have arisen from so small a dispute; and certes it is a great pity for two brothers to quarrel as ye have done.'" It may seem hypercritical to comment on the strange heraldry which blazons a "gryphon black upon a field of green." A fairer and more general criticism may be passed upon the illustrations, which are sadly inferior to those of 'Robin Hood' by the same hand. The surpassing beauty of Guinevere and Vivien becomes a matter of faith and not sight, while Uther Pendragon bears a painful resemblance to the Scotch kings at Holyrood. Finally, we could wish that the author had not spoilt the simplicity of the old tales by inserting morals on every possible occasion. Even Tennyson could not make the legends of the Round Table into a Sunday-school book, and it is regrettable that Mr. Pyle should, by his little sermons, have diminished the debt of gratitude rightly owed him by all children.

The authoress, Grace Luce Irwin, of the seven 'Drawing-Room Plays' (San Francisco: Paul Elder & Co.), disarms criticism in her first prefatory note by reminding the reader "that a good reading play is often a very different thing from one which acts well." Two of the pieces are pathetic, and in both we get a clever handling of the perennial topic that men are deceivers ever. As to the others, it is absurd to examine from a literary point of view such utter extravaganzas. It is possible that the girls in them may seem less hoydenish and unrefined on the stage than in a mental tableau; let us at least give them the benefit of the doubt. M. E. M. Davis's 'A Bunch of Roses, and Other Parlor Plays' (Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.) has considerably more merit. The first play is indeed a clear imitation of "Le Monde où l'on s'ennuie," and the last, with its satire on the new woman, is trite both in subject and in treatment. Yet all the six have a certain humor and swing and life that goes far to redeem impossible situations and exaggerated character-drawing. One of them, "Christmas Boxes," is a wholly charming little piece. With regard to one of the others, it may be remarked that a Sir Henry Tipton could by no possibility be "His Lordship," and would not, even at Pass Christian, be so addressed by an English valet.

Pericles and Aspasia. By Walter Savage Landor. (The Chiswick Library of Noble Authors.) New York: The Scott-Thaw Co. 1903.

The case of Walter Savage Landor reminds one that Buffon's dictum, "The style is the man," is one of those truisms of which the reverse is also true. There was the Landor who sat in the centre of his being and wrote beautiful calm studies of Greek life, the literary Landor; he seems to have little in common with the noble savage who threw his cook out of the window and his plate on the floor if he did not like what was on it. Landor the writer is a model of the restrained style; Landor the man never once, as far as we know, practised self-restraint. In his day, people still thought a little vaguely of the Greeks and Romans as "the Ancients." Carlyle called Landor a Roman; Byron, whose judgments of living writers were merely contributions to personal criticism, called him a Bœotian—meaning, of course, to annoy. As a matter of fact, he was a thorough Englishman of the choleric type, who never acquired a complete mastery of Greek, but, for all that, by sheer force of a vital imagination, placed himself at the Greek point of view, or at least envisaged the Greeks in a way that struck his contemporaries, and still strikes us, as Hellenic. In such a work as the 'Pericles and Aspasia' his style displays the lucidity, the harmony, the measure, which were lacking to his life, and which we consider essentially Greek. Yet, after all, that same passion for a perfect equilibrium was often, for the Greek writer, as for Landor, a literary pose. No one, for instance, is a more persistent advocate of the golden mean than Theognis—"No excess" is the text of his monotonous elegiacs; but turn the page and you find him demanding the "black blood" of his enemies to drink. There speaks the true Theognis as he practised, dropping for the moment the Theognis who preached.

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Landor's first intention had been to vary this imaginary correspondence with conversations, of which one sees the traces in the long dialogues that Aspasia reports in her letters. There is a good deal of poetry in these letters and in Cleone's replies. Most of it is unworthy of Landor, who is seldom happily inspired when he attempts sportive verse, though he often succeeds with sportive prose. But he included in 'Pericles and Aspasia' a dramatic poem, "The Shades of Iphigenia and Agamemnon," which was his highest achievement of the kind, and the lines on Artemidora of Ephesus, one of the most beautiful of his shorter poems. They are worth more to the admirers of Landor than their prose setting, though that setting includes the description of the performance of the "Prometheus," at which Aspasia met Pericles for the first time, the trial of Aspasia, the imaginary speeches of Pericles, the pathetic end of Cleone. There are few of Landor's works that gave him such a chance to display his variety as the 'Pericles and Aspasia.' It contains some of the best examples of his prose style. He was a master of rhetoric, and he knew how to avoid the monotony that lies in wait for the English writer of the smooth "Attic" style. His favorite device is to coördinate his clauses: "I could have demolished the house of my adversaries," says Pericles; "I could have exiled them from the city; I could have been their master; I am more: I am my own."

The first publisher of 'Pericles and Aspasia,' in 1836, would have been a loser by his venture had not Landor repaid the sum of one hundred pounds that was to have been his share of the profits. The present edition is limited for America to 200 copies. It has fallen on happier days. Landor is not likely to be neglected in that revival of interest in the English classics which is the best omen for the future of this century's literature. This folio volume has the perfection of type, of paper, of general effect that one expects from an *édition de luxe*. It is happily free from the overdecoration that makes many modern *éditions de luxe* positively offensive. The frontispiece is a portrait of Landor based on the painting by Boxall.

The Songs of Robert Burns. By James C. Dick. Henry Frowde.

Thousands of composers, professional and amateur, have adapted melodies to poems, but it is seldom that the process is reversed. Among those who have adapted poems to tunes, Robert Burns is the most notable. But although he appears always to have associated music with his poems, his biographers have persistently ignored his remarkable achievements in this line, or attempted to belittle them, even charging him with a "dull ear" and an "untunable voice." Mr. Dick comes to the defence. He admits that Burns was a mediocre vocalist, with a rough voice, and that

"about the higher forms of the musical art he knew little and cared less. He never heard a symphony or a string quartet; and though at the houses of some of his friends he listened to sonatas on the harpsichord, they raised in him neither emotion nor interest. His knowledge of music was in fact elemental; his taste lay entirely in melody, without ever reaching an appreciation of contrapuntal or harmonious music."

But, for Burns's purpose, this was sufficient. He picked up his tunes wherever he could find them—in collections or from the singing of country girls; and hundreds of the Scotch folk-tunes inspired him to write immortal poems, as the poems of Goethe, Heine, and others, conversely, inspired the world's great writers of art-songs.

On the subject of art-songs Mr. Dick goes as far astray as the Burns biographers concerning that poet's musical attainments. He remarks in a footnote that "all artistic music fades before the continuous progress of the art; whereas the unconscious and untutored music of nature, the anonymous airs of the people, which are the basis of the art, remain unimpaired by age." In truth, the best art-songs are as immortal as any folk-music, and although the 361 tunes printed in Mr. Dick's volume include gems like "Ye banks and braes o' Bonnie Doon," and "Should Auld Acquaintance be Forgot," not one of them is equal in inspiration to the Scotch songs of the American Edward MacDowell, or the melodies of the great German song-writers. There is another point on which issue may be taken with our editor. "I designate Burns a tone-poet," he says, "because he wrote for music, and his songs with their airs are a study in tone-poetry." This may be permissible, but all other authors who use the word tone-poet apply it to the writer of the music, not of the words.

Whatever name Mr. Dick may give to Burns, he has deserved well of him and his countless admirers by bringing together in one volume for the first time all of his songs with the melodies for which they were written. It was a difficult task to perform, as the 151 pages of historical notes eloquently attest. The editor must also be specially commended for giving simply the melodies without the added pianoforte accompaniments, which are so apt to alter the true character of these folk-songs. He therefore justly says that this "is not a music-book in the modern sense; only a quarry for the constructive composer and for the student of folk-songs." The poems themselves, it may be well to add, are printed complete and unexpurgated.

Gossip from Paris during the Second Empire. By Anthony B. North Peat. D. Appleton & Co. 1903.

From matter originally in abundance sufficient to fill nine bulky volumes, Mr. A. R. Waller, who has edited this disinterred special correspondence, has contrived to extract enough for a single one without seriously affecting the continuity of a record of six years (1864-70). These newsletters, of greatly varying lengths, were written, chiefly for the London *Morning Star*, by a Government attaché in Paris, in whose favor the usual embargo had for some unexplained reason been lifted; and they would no doubt have been continued under the Republic but for the death, by accident, of their author during the early days of the siege. Mr. North Peat, however hampered he may have felt through consciousness of the exceptionally delicate nature of his task, wrote with something of the ease of an accomplished *causeur* living in good society, and privileged to add to club or drawing-room gossip a good deal of official information obtained at first hand, but not of a character to disturb political equilibrium. It would be idle to look in such a work as this for the aggressive, occasionally impertinent, entertaining manner of 'An Englishman in Paris,' but the book is plentifully stored with amusing anecdotes touching celebrities of divers kinds, from crowned heads and diplomats to *danseuses* and even criminals; the narrative all the while threading its easy way through the reckless carnival of pleasure that marked the last years of the imperial régime. A single instance may indicate the social freedom of that day:

"After the celebrated songstress (Thérèse) had entranced her audience at the Duchess of S——'s party last Thursday, some of the *jeunesse dorée* asked her if the songs she had just acted were the same as she was in the habit of performing at the Alcazar. 'Oh, no,' was her reply. 'What I have sung here would not be tolerated by the police' " (p. 87).

Several of the best stories relate the tribulations or the foibles of men of letters. The now-forgotten Vicomte Touson de Jerrail, a popular writer of romances of thrilling adventure, was compelled to "clear out the lower story" (viz., the feuilleton column) of his newspaper under editorial command, and in four days had killed off fourteen of his characters with no ungentle hand; with the fifteenth he was obliged to continue for many weeks, the previous slaughter having added four thousand subscribers (p. 119). We further learn that Baudelaire's morbid fancies belonged to his radically cruel nature: "He loved cats, because he sympathized with their nature. He well-nigh lost his hand once at the Jardin des Plantes by touching the nose of a lion with the burning end of a cigar" (p. 191). A reasonable amount of caution should, however, be exercised before accepting such "gossip" as fact; for we now and again come on such a surprising statement as (p. 192) that "Fernand Caballero conceals the name of a Queen's sister—no less a personage than the Duchess of Montpensier"—for which choice piece of information the *Figaro*, it seems, was responsible. The *Borbonidæ* have been charged with many deeds of which they were incapable; it remained for an inventive journalist to find one of them guilty of literature. By anticipation, in another case, a blameless physician is exhibited in the following undesirable light through undesigned shifting of items: "Doctor X. has been appointed head physician to the Hôpital de la Charité. Orders have been issued by the authorities for the immediate extension of the cemetery of Montparnasse" (p. 198). The graver note is not wanting. Readers of Daudet's 'Le Nabab' will be gratified at finding (pp. 62-68) a just tribute to the Duc de Morny, whom his erstwhile secretary unkindly traduced; and a number of passages on Lamartine's career show a right appreciation of the political idealism underlying the apparently wayward acts of the patriot poet.

Altogether, the work of editing has been skilfully done, for the dull pages are few; but the misprints are almost unpardonably thick.

How to Judge Architecture: A Popular Guide to the Appreciation of Buildings. By Russell Sturgis. The Baker & Taylor Co. Pp. 221. Sixty-four half-tone plates from photographs.

Of the group of men who in this coun-

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try devote themselves chiefly to writing about architecture, Mr. Russell Sturgis is easily the first. Whether he be judged by the volume of his production, by the extent and exactness of his information, or by his facility of expression, he has no equal. It is therefore a welcome thing that he should have undertaken to assist the layman to a better understanding of the qualities that raise building into the domain of the fine arts. The title that the author (or more probably the publisher) has chosen for the book in which this attempt is made is by no means fortunate, in that it seems to hold a promise that one who reads the book will thereby have qualified himself to estimate the merits of a work of architecture. The sub-title speaks more truthfully; and the author hastens to tell us on the first page that—

"The only opinions, or impressions, or comparative appreciations, that are worth anything to the reader are those which he will form gradually for himself. He will form them slowly, if he be wise; indeed, if he have the gift of artistic appreciation at all, he will soon learn to form them slowly. He will, moreover, hold them lightly even when formed; remembering that, in a subject on which opinions differ so very widely at any one time, and have differed so much more widely if one epoch be compared with another, there can be no such thing as a final judgment."

It is good, therefore, to have the implication of the title explicitly set aside by the author, in a statement that the object of his book "is to help the reader to acquire, little by little, such an independent knowledge of the essential characteristics of good buildings, and also such a sense of the possible differences of opinion concerning inessentials, that he will always enjoy the sight, the memory, or the study of a noble structure without undue anxiety whether he is right or wrong."

Although Mr. Sturgis disclaims in good set terms any intention of making his book a history of architecture, however brief, he does as a matter of fact treat his subject in a series of essays, each one dealing with some important period, and together extending from Greece in the fifth century B. C. to France, England, and America at the present time. For the most part, he seizes firmly and brings out clearly what was essential to and characteristic of each epoch, and no intelligent person can read the book without having his knowledge broadened and his thought stimulated. Few can be found to dissent from the opinions which Mr. Sturgis expresses in regard to buildings of an earlier period; but when he comes to pass judgment upon the work of the nineteenth century, the fact that his ideas are in many ways at variance with those of others perhaps equally capable of reaching just conclusions, points afresh to the well-known liability to error in contemporary judgment of the fine arts.

The Inside History of the Carnegie Steel Co. By James Howard Bridge. New York: The Aldine Book Co. 1903.

Whatever may be thought of the tone and obvious animus of Mr. Bridge's story, he has certainly succeeded in making it interesting. The growth of this gigantic business from Andrew Kloman's little forge of 1858 is not lacking in the element of romance, and Mr. Bridge states fairly enough the causes and methods that led to its wonderful development. He declined to submit his manuscript for revision to the officers of the Carnegie Company, but there is no reason for doubting the truth of his statements, which are, moreover, substantiated by a considerable amount of documentary evidence. His book has been in print some months, and, so far as we know, its general accuracy has not been disproved.

The animus against Mr. Carnegie personally seems to be based on Mr. Bridge's belief that at various times he dealt harshly and unjustly with his partners; that he displayed cowardice in virtually hiding in Scotland and leaving Mr. Frick to deal with the immense difficulties of the Homestead strike, which was largely due to Mr. Carnegie's expressed opinions about labor; and, finally, that he has a way of claiming the honor of having done many things which, as a matter of fact, were done by others. These things have been discussed from time to time in the daily press and are no longer of much consequence. There is, however, one question on which this book throws some light, and which is of interest to a multitude of people at the present moment, and that is the value of the stocks of the United States Steel Corporation.

The pertinent facts in this connection are as follows: In January, 1899, the whole property of the Carnegie Steel Company, including a quarter interest in the Frick Coke Company, was offered to a syndicate for $250,000,000, and the offer was declined. Up to March, 1900, the capital and surplus of the company stood on the books at $81,000,000. In that month the quarrel between Mr. Carnegie and Mr. Frick was adjusted; the Carnegie Steel Company and the Frick Coke Company were both absorbed by the Carnegie Company, which issued $320,000,000 of stock and bonds to the shareholders in the old companies: In March, 1901, the United States Steel Corporation took up these $320,000,000 of securities and paid therefor $304,000,000 in first-mortgage bonds, $98,000,000 in preferred stock, and $90,000,000 in common stock. The reason of this remarkable increase in valuations was that, owing to the boom in the steel business, the earnings had increased from $7,000,000 in 1897 to $21,000,000 in 1899 and $40,000,000 in 1900! The question that is now agitating the minds of the holders of United States Steel stocks is, whether these earnings were not extraordinary and exceptional, and whether it will not be found that the earnings of a series of years will fail to vindicate the judgment of those who negotiated the purchase of the Carnegie Company. Of course the same question arises in the cases of the other constituent companies, but it will not be forgotten that certain circumstances forced the hands of the buyers in the case of the Carnegie Company, and compelled them to pay what seemed to many good judges an excessive price for the property.

Flora of the Southeastern United States: Being descriptions of the seed-plants, ferns, and fern-allies, growing naturally in North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Arkansas, Louisiana, and the Indian Territory, and in Oklahoma and Texas east of the one-hundredth meridian. By John Kunkel Small, Ph.D., Curator of the Museum and Herbarium of the New York Botanical Garden. New York: Published by the Author. 1903.

This large octavo, of 1,370 pages and 12 pages of introductory analytical key, is offered to the public at a phenomenally low price, namely, $3.60. It is difficult to see how the author, who is also the publisher, can begin to recoup himself for the outlay on his enterprise. The territory here covered has never before been brought within the limits of a single botanical treatise. The excellent older local works (Elliott's, for example) have long been inaccessible, and most of them were practically useless outside their restricted range. The more general work by Dr. Chapman was found of such value by amateur and professional botanists that it has made its way to a second edition; but there has been felt a great need of a work covering a wider field than even this. Dr. Small has endeavored to supply this need. How well this has been done, it is impossible to tell without a careful employment of the treatise in a large number of cases, both in the field and in the study. It is certain that the volume has received a large amount of diligent attention, and it is likely to prove a valuable addition to our means of becoming acquainted with the Southern flora.

Three peculiarities will strike every reader on even a casual perusal, namely, a dominant tendency to split up species almost indefinitely, a striving to disturb, even unnecessarily, a disturbed nomenclature, and, lastly, a fondness for introducing novelties simply because they are novelties. Many a progressive botanist, to say nothing of all the conservatives, will have shudder after shudder as he comes upon these unnecessary innovations. Most of them are of such a nature that they are likely to be very ephemeral, and at their passing will leave behind them only slight vestiges to remind one of the incorrect judgment of the author. But, in spite of these serious faults, the work is an important contribution to our American flora. Many of our older botanists will be reminded, as they turn over its pages, of the easy-going and useful class-book of Professor Alphonso Wood, which helped so many persons to a knowledge of our Northern plants. Some of the keys to the more perplexing groups in Dr. Small's volume have a suggestive resemblance to the keys which enriched that now almost forgotten book.

The Care of a House. By T. M. Clark. Macmillan. 1903. Pp. 283. Thirty-nine illustrations.

It is surprising how little the average householder knows of the shell about him. Does a faucet leak? The plumber must be sent for. Does a key refuse to turn? A carpenter must be brought in. As a rule, the putting on of a new washer or the readjustment of a striking-plate, the work of ten minutes or less, would have remedied the difficulty. But the simple anatomy of a compression cock or the fact that a door is likely to sag, are generally unknown, or at best hardly realized. It is to throw a light for the plain man upon the way his house is built and upon the appliances that are found in it, to describe the disorders to which they are subject and

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the methods of preventing and curing such disorders, that this book is written. If his kitchen stove has gone awry, here he will find a dozen pages descriptive of its functions, its parts, its draughts, and its ailments. If his fireplace deluges the house with smoke, he may read (if that is any comfort to him) how it should have been constructed. Plumbing, as by right it should, takes up the larger part of the book. All the usual forms of apparatus are described, ordinary dangers are pointed out, and remedies for defects suggested. Troubles with plumbing are manifold; and if it leads to the avoidance of only a few of them, the perusal of Mr. Clark's chapters will be well repaid. It is not alone to the remedying of defects that the author directs his attention. Many of his pages are devoted to the care that should be given a house with a view to keeping it in good condition. Thus, the chapter upon paints and the care of woodwork is admirable, and will enable the man who has to repaint his house to approach the subject with a knowledge that will stand him in good stead.

Mr. Clark is an architect of high standing, well known for his books upon building construction and superintendence, intended for the man of technical training. In his present essay he has succeeded in putting what he has to say in such form that it may be understood by all.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

American Humorous Verse (A Collection). Chicago: Herbert S. Stone & Co.
American Prose Humor (A Collection). Chicago: Herbert S. Stone & Co.
Beveridge, Albert J. The Russian Advance. Harper & Brothers. $2.50 net.
British Industries. Edited by W. J. Ashley. Longmans, Green & Co. $1.80 net, mail extra.
Carman, Bliss. Sappho: One Hundred Lyrics. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $6 net.
Chisholm, George G. *Handbook of Commercial Geography.* Fourth ed. Longmans, Green & Co. $4.80.
Davenport, Cyril. Mezzotints. (The Connoisseur's Library.) G. P. Putnam's Sons. $6.75 net.
Davies, Randall. Chelsea Old Church. London: Duckworth & Co. 52s. 6d. net.
De Boer, T. J. The History of Philosophy in Islam. Translated by Edward R. Jones. London: Luzac & Co. 7s. 6d.
Eisler, Rudolf. Wörterbuch der Philosophischen Begriffe. Erste Lieferung. Berlin: Ernst Siegfried, Mittler & Son. 25m.
English Bible. The Tudor Translations. Edited by W. E. Henley. Vol. IV., Isaiah to Malachi. London: David Nutt.
Fischer, Henry W. Court Memoirs: William II. and his Consort. 2 vols. Fisher Foreign Letters, Inc. $7 net.
Foster, J. J. Miniature Painters, British and Foreign: With Some Account of those who Practised in America in the Eighteenth Century. Illustrated. 2 vols. London: Dickinson's; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $35 net.
Freneau, Philip. Poems. Edited for the Princeton Historical Association by Fred Lewis Pattee. 3 vols. Vol. II. Princeton, N. J.: The University Library. $3 net.
Gower, John. Selections from the "Confessio Amantis." Edited by G. C. Macaulay. Oxford: The Clarendon Press.
History of the City of Washington. Edited by Allan B. Slauson. Washington: The Washington Post.
Holland, W. J. The Moth Book: A Popular Guide to a Knowledge of the Moths of North America. Illustrated. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.
Kolle, F. Strange. The Grown Baby Book. Boston: The Gorham Press. $1.
Margraff, Anthony W. International Exchange. Chicago: Fergus Printing Co. $5.
Mayo, Nelson S. The Care of Animals. The Macmillan Co.
Meade, Mrs. L. T. The Manor School. The Mershon Co. $1.25.
Nordau, Max, and Gotthell, Gustav. Zionism and Anti-Semitism. (Contemporary Thought Series.) Scott-Thaw Co.
Odes of Anacreon, translated by Thomas Moore, with designs by Girodet de Roussy. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Rice, Cale Young. Charles di Tocca: A Tragedy. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co.
Sandys, John Edwin. A History of Classical Scholarship, from the Sixth Century B. C. to the End of the Middle Ages. Cambridge: The University Press; New York: The Macmillan Co. 10s. 6d. net.
Stroud, F. The Judicial Dictionary. Second ed. Three vols. Boston: The Boston Book Co.
Teller, William P., and Brown, Henry E. A First Book in Business Methods. Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co.
Toler, Henry Pennington. Arise, Take Thy Journey. New York: New Harlem Publishing Co.
Varnum, Henry. Character: A Moral Textbook. Hinds & Noble. $1.50 postpaid.
Vielé, Herman Knickerbocker. Random Verse. Brentano. $1.20.
Ward, Wilfrid. Problems and Persons. Longmans, Green & Co. $4.60 net.
Watson, Rosamund Marriott. After Sunset. New York: John Lane.
Webb, Sidney and Beatrice. The History of Liquor Licensing in England. Longmans, Green & Co. $1.
Wellman, Francis L. The Art of Cross-Examination. With the Cross Examinations of Important Witnesses in some Celebrated Cases. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.50.
Williams, Archibald. The Romance of Modern Engineering: Containing Interesting Descriptions in Non-Technical Language of the Nile Dam, the Panama Canal, etc. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.50.
Wolseley, Field-Marshal Viscount. The Story of a Soldier's Life. 2 vols. Scribners. $8 net.

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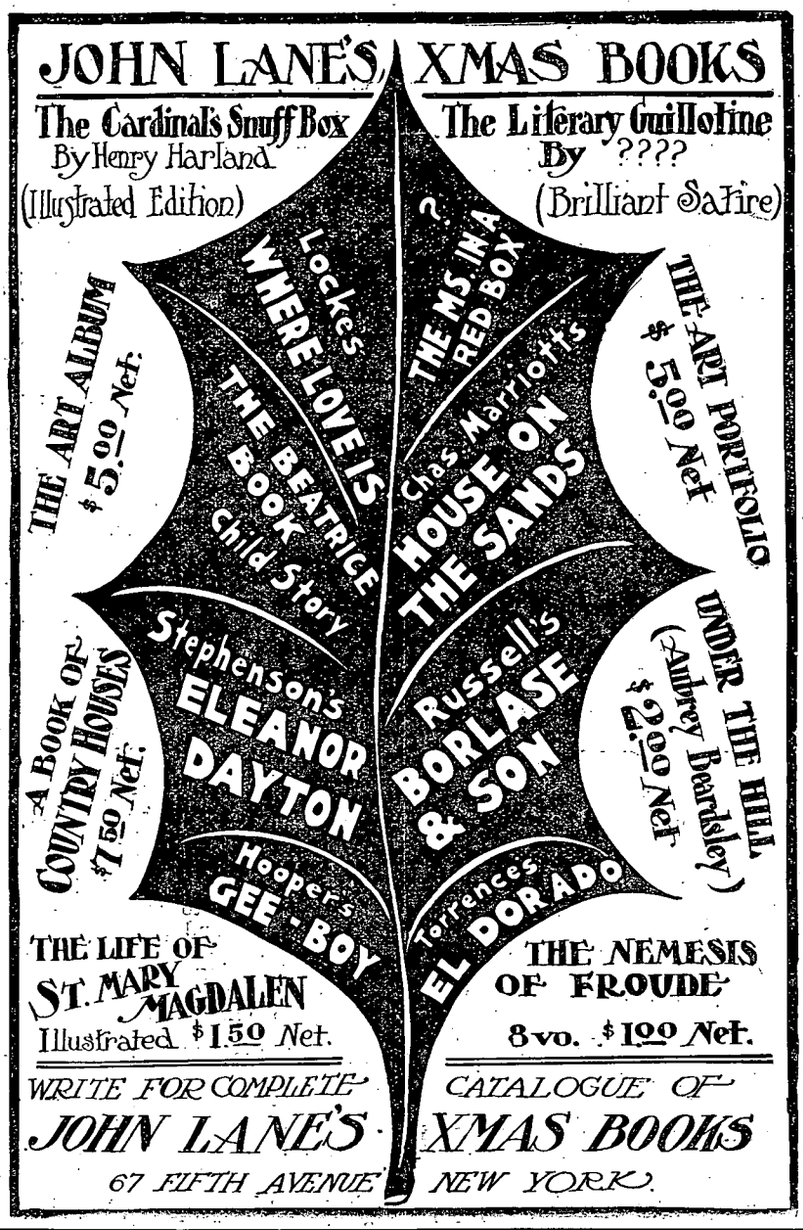

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